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F. B. Rockstro
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Fellow of JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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T O

CHRISTOPHER NEVILE, Esq; Junr.

DEAR NEPHEW,

I Take the liberty to offer you in this public manner what was originally undertaken for your private use.

My intention was, you may remember, to excite you to a careful examination of the most polished poem of Antiquity; which, though adorned with every striking beauty of language and imagery, is, I fear, not enough considered.

This neglect may indeed be imputed to the seeming severity of it's didactic form, and perhaps in some measure to it's very perfection:

a

for,

DEDICATION.

for, as in the estimate of characters the showy anomalies of the giddy and dissolute are preferred by vulgar Observers to the silent consistencies of the sober and decent; just so the gross and gorgeous decorations of licentious composition operate more powerfully on common Readers, than the modest and elegant graces of exact writing.

A ready discernment of the more delicate and latent beauties presupposes long habit and reflection, a refinement of our natural sensibility, and a knowledge of the laws, by which Judgment is directed: where these are wanting, an impatience for gratification is sure to betray the young Student into a fondness for whatever makes a quick and forcible impression: hence a passion for glare and glitter, tumour, and exuberance: hence, in a word, those corruptions, which, when recommended by reputable example, have been known to elude the judicious efforts of reforming Criticism.

It is with true taste as with sound morals; a timely study of the best Authors forms us to the one, as an early converse with the best Men trains us to the other.

Of

DEDICATION.

Of all the works of Genius none is so well suited to every purpose of improvement as the poem of which I now present you with a copy. A sentimental cadence of verse; a constant care of avoiding every the least anticipation, every foreign intermixture, that may divert the mind from the main object, or cause a faint impression of the principal idea; and a felicity of expression, that without the appearance of design ennobles the meanest topics, are among it's more distinguished excellencies. These in an eminent degree demand the attention of all, who are solicitous to acquire a just notion of chaste composition.

But wherefore do I talk of CHASTE COMPOSITION at a time, when the Public seems little disposed to favour any well-conducted plan; when impure BUFFONERY is permitted to usurp the place of genuine Wit, and barbarous INVECTIVE unproved assumes the honours due to legitimate Satire?

It is not difficult to foresee what effects this depravity may have even on the moral character of the rising Generation, if it receive not a seasonable check from the authoritative influence

DEDICATION.

ence of the few finished productions, left us by our great Masters, the Antients.

May You, MY DEAR NEPHEW, amidst the dissipations incident to youth, continue to cultivate that taste, of which, by the assistance of the best education, you have given an early promise.

I am,

With the warmest affection,

Your Friend and Uncle,

CAMBRIDGE,
Feb. 9, 1767.

THOMAS NEVILE.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
GEORGICS.

B O O K

I.

WITH heavy harvests what may glad the plain;
What Star, MÆCENAS! may invite the swain
To turn the glebe, and wed to elms the vine;
The nurture due to cattle; care of kine;
What arts the task of training bees prolong; 5
These are the Subjects, whence I'll raise my Song.

Lights of the world, who thro' the starry sphere
Lead, as ye roll along, the sliding year!
Bacchus, and Ceres! if, by you first taught, 9
Men purpled with the grape the springs' pure draught,
And chang'd their acorns for the foodful grain,
Your gifts I sing; propitious hear the strain;

4 THE GEORGICS Book I.

You too, who make the rural throng your care,
 Hither ye Fauns, and Dryad-nymphs repair!
 And thou, whose massy trident the firm ground 15
 Smote, and an horse rose neighing from the wound!
 You, who haunt groves, whose snowy steers are seen
 In Cœa, browsing on the braky green!
 And you, Tegæan Pan! my suit approve,
 If thy own Mænalus still claim thy love; 20
 Guardian of flocks, ah! quit thy natal shades,
 And leave awhile Lycæus' op'ning glades!
 Giver of olives, Pallas, come! and thou,
 Whose early youth first show'd the crooked plough!
 Sylvanus, with thy cypress tree, attend! 25
 Ye Gods, and Goddeffes, the fields who tend!
 Ye, who wild nature's genuine products feed!
 Ye, who send copious show'rs on cultur'd feed!
 But chief thou, CÆSAR! tho' 'tis yet unknown
 What place in heav'n's high seats you'll call your own:
 Whether, of lands protector, you supply 31
 Fruits, and control the tempests of the sky,
 Your mother's myrtle round your temples twin'd,
 Hail'd with one voice great patron of mankind:
 Or o'er the boundless seas you stretch your sway, 35
 Sole God of all, who tempt the wat'ry way,

Rever'd

Rever'd at Thule's utmost shores, and won
 By Tethys' treasures to be styl'd her son :
 Or the celestial arch you mean to grace,
 Where Scorpio's claws and Virgo leave a space : 40
 His arms contracted, lo ! the burning sign
 Makes of the sky a larger portion thine.
 Whate'er thy purpose ; nor be Hell so vain
 To nourish hopes of thy expected reign ;
 Nor may such lust of rule thy bosom fire, 45
 Tho' Greece Elysium's blissful scenes admire,
 And ravish'd Proserpine for these disdain'd
 The proffer'd boon her mother's suit obtain'd :
 In pity to the guideless swains incline
 A willing ear, and aid my bold design ; 50
 Learn to assert thy tutelary care,
 Assume the God, and listen to our pray'r !

On the loose clod when vernal gales first blow,
 And down the white hills glides the melting snow,
 At the prest plough then let the bullock toil, 55
 And the share brighten, as it breaks the soil.
 That land shall thicken with ripe crops untold,
 Which twice has felt the sun, and twice the cold :
 A secret joy shall touch the greedy swain,
 As his full barns distend with golden grain. 60

Ere in an unknown ground you fix your share,
 Mark well the winds and temp'ature of air,
 The culture, genius of the place next try;
 What it will best produce, and what deny.
 Here ripen grapes; there yellow harvests rise; 65
 Unbidden herbs another spot supplies,
 And fruitage: seest thou not? soft Sabe sends
 Her frankincense; her iv'ry India lends;
 Of saffron Tmolus his rich stores resigns;
 Chalybs the treasures of his iron mines; 70
 Pontus his castor of rank scent; swift steeds,
 Victorious in the ring, Epirus breeds.
 These laws and pacts eternal were assign'd
 To soils by nature, when man's hardy kind
 Burst into being, as Deucalion hurl'd 75
 His stones into the wide unpeopled world.
 Haste then and to the plough yoke the stout steer
 In the first months of the new-op'ning year;
 And let the clods in ridges as they lie,
 Be bak'd beneath a glowing summer-sky. 80
 But if the soil be poor, it will suffice
 To cut slight furrows near Arcturus' rise:
 There, lest wild herbs molest the laughing land;
 Here, lest all moisture leave the sterile sand.

With

Book I. OF VIRGIL. 7

With a year's rest your new-shorn field reward, 85

And give the glebe long leisure to grow hard :

At least, the season chang'd, there sow your corn,

Whence brittle stalks of lupines have been born

In rattling sheaves, or tares' thin seeds been took,

Or pulse, by reapers from their pods just shook. 90

For oats, and flax are found, and poppy-grain

Sprinkled with lethy'd sleep, to parch the plain,

But of alternate sowing light the toil,

If, by false shame not counsel'd, the dry soil

You feed with fatt'ning dung, and scatter round 95

A show'r of ashes on th' exhausted ground.

Thus change of grain gives respite to your field,

And lands at rest a rich return will yield.

Some with success by fire a poor soil mend,

And in a crackling blaze the stubble send : 100

Whether by means unknown earth thence receive

Strength, and some healing aliment conceive ;

Or whether, purging the bad taint, the fire

Give the superfluous moisture to transpire ;

Or into porous vents the glebe unbind, 105

Whence to the plants the juice a way may find ;

Or, hardened by the fire's astrictive pow'rs,

Earth close her gaping chinks, lest drizzling show'rs,

Or Sol's more potent fervours, or the cold
 Of penetrating Boreas scorch the mould. 110
 Nor is the ground ungrateful to the swain,
 Who plies his harrows oft, and o'er the plain
 Drags o'er hurdles; from her throne on high
 On him brown Ceres bends a gracious eye:
 Nor less his fields he profits, who once more 115
 Cleaves the rough ridges he had rais'd before,
 His share obliquely turn'd, with callous hands
 Incessant toils, the tyrant of his lands.

Ye husbandmen! intreat the gods by pray'r
 For wat'ry solstices, and winters fair: 120
 With laughing corn the laughing lands abound,
 On the dry earth when brumal dust is found:
 At no time Mysia boasts so rich a plain,
 And Garg'rus wonders at his waving grain.
 Need I name him, who, having sown his seed, 125
 Rests not, but prosecutes his task with speed,
 Of the lean gravel sweeps away the hills,
 Then from the fountains calls the streamy rills?
 With dying herbage when the parcht glebe glows,
 Down channell'd steep's th' obedient runnel flows;
 O'er the smooth stones a murmur hoarse it yields, 130
 And with brisk bubblings cools the thirsty fields.

Or

Or shall I tell his caution, who, thro' fear
 The weak stem sink beneath the weighty ear,
 In the young blade feeds down the wanton crop, 135
 The shoots just level with the furrows' top?
 Or him why mention, who with anxious pains
 From the soak'd sands the marshy moisture drains,
 Chief in the changeful months, if, o'er his shores
 Rising, the river lift his swelling stores; 140
 The trenches, as they drink the reeking tide,
 Steam, and a slimy deluge stretches wide?
 Nor slight the mischief, tho' the cultur'd soil
 Of men and beasts confess the various toil,
 If cranes and wicked geese the spot invade, 145
 And bitter succ'ry spread, or trees o'ershade.

Nor thou repine: great Jove, with tasks untry'd
 To rouse man's pow'rs, an easier way deny'd;
 And first bade mortals stir with art the plain,
 Lest sloth should dim the splendors of his reign. 150
 Till then to lands no limits were assign'd,
 No marks; the ground unlabour'd by the hind.
 To gratify each want enough was found,
 While earth unask'd diffus'd her gifts around.
 Jove the black serpent arm'd with deadly bane, 155
 Taught wolves to prey, and heav'd with storms the
 main, Shook

Shook from the foliage the nectareous dew,
 And fire's deep-bury'd seeds conceal'd from view,
 Reprefs'd the wine, in purple rills which ran,
 That gradual use might hew out arts from man, 160
 That corn's green blade in furrows might be fought,
 And from struck flints the fiery sparkle caught.
 Then the scoopt alder's weight the wave first try'd;
 The sailor, as he wander'd o'er the tide,
 Number'd and nam'd the stars, that gild the sky, 165
 The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Bear's bright eye. [found;
 Then toils and snares 'gainst beasts and birds were
 With dogs the lawn's wide circuit some surround;
 O'er the lash'd stream these teach the net to sweep,
 Those drag the moisten'd meshes thro' the deep. 170
 For grating saws their wedges they forfook,
 As the rough ore a temper'd polish took.
 Thus by long labour arts to arts succeed,
 Such is the force of all-compelling need.
 To turn the glebe first Ceres taught, when food 175
 Fail'd wretched mortals in the sacred wood,
 And ev'n Dodona ceas'd her custom'd fare:
 The springing blade soon ask'd an added care;
 On the thin stem the cancrous mildew fed,
 And the vile thistle rear'd his prickly head. 180

The chok'd corn withers ; a rough wood of weeds,
 Caltraps and clivers, to the grain succeeds,
 The fields' fair produce lucklefs darnels spoil,
 And barren wild-oats lord it o'er the foil.
 Go then, and daily harrow well the ground, 185
 And scare with noifes birds that hover round ;
 The trees' dark umbrage with your hook restrain,
 And from the skies implore the kindly rain :
 Else others' sheaves you'll fee with longing eye ;
 And to the oak for mast half-famish'd fly. 190

Learn next the tools of Rustics ; these unknown,
 No gladd'ning crops can rise, no seed be sown.
 The share, and crooked plough's more pond'rous
 And wain slow-moving of Eleufis' Dame ; [frame,
 Nor be the cumbrous harrows left unfaid, 195
 Nor sleds, nor drays, nor crates of Arbutes made ;
 Nor Celeus' implements of oſier twine,
 Mean tools, nor Bacchus' winnowing fan divine.
 All these with forecast sige you must prepare,
 If ought of rural honours claim your care. 200

First in the woods by force is taught to bend
 The tall tough elm, and in a plough-tail end :
 To this eight feet in length, a pole ; two ears ;
 A share-beam next with double back appears :

An handle in the lofty beech we find, 205
 To guide the bottom of the plough behind ;
 The light lime lends materials for the yoke :
 Let the wood long be season'd by the smoke.

If cares less weighty move not your disdain,
 Some ancient precepts I may here explain. 210

First then, well moulded with the hand the floor
 With chalk tenacious must be harden'd o'er,
 And with a roller level'd, lest the ground
 Gape into chinks thro' dust, or weeds abound.
 The little mouse, (such pests thy hopes defeat) 215

Beneath the pavement oft has fixt his seat,
 There form'd his granaries ; or the fightless mole,
 Poking his passage, dug some lurking hole ;
 Nor less the toad, and all the vermin kind,
 That earth abundant breeds, some hollow find : 220

The weasel plunders with voracious rage,
 And the ant pilfers, provident of age.
 When to the walnut-tree the year allows

A plenteous bloom, and bends the scented boughs,
 If nuts abound, exuberant crops you'll know, 225
 And with rich threshings your rich floor will glow :
 Should shadowy leaves luxuriant spread, in vain
 From sheaves of chaff you would elicit grain.

Some

Book I. OF VIRGIL. 13

Some I have seen indeed, who ere they dare
To sow, first medicate their seeds with care, 230
Soak them in nitre, and oil's lees distil,
That fruit more just the treacherous pods may fill.
Yet spite of industry and nicest art,
Tho' a mild heat it's quick'ning pow'rs impart,
The seeds grow worse, unless with pains severe 235
You cull the largest each revolving year :
Sure fate of human things that never stay,
But rolling backward hasten to decay.
Just so the man, who scarce with oars can guide
His vessel, struggling with the adverse tide, 240
If his tir'd arms relax, with sudden sweep
Snatcht by the stream drives headlong down the deep.
Nor should we mark with less observant care
The Kids, bright Dragon, and the northern Bear,
Than, who, thro' boist'rous seas returning, brave 245
Abydos' straits, and Pontus' whelming wave.
When Libra day and night has equal made,
And half the globe is light, and half is shade,
Then work your oxen, sow your barley grain,
Ev'n to the winter-solstices' last rain. 250
This too the fittest season has been found
To bury flax and poppy in the ground :

And

And at the harrows sweat, while earth is dry,
 And the clouds hang yet harmless in the sky.
 Beans ask the spring ; then millet's annual toil ; 255
 Then for thee, medic ! gapes the crumbling soil ;
 When the Bull's glist'ning horns the year unbar,
 And the Dog setting shuns th' opponent star.
 But if for wheat and spelt you ply the plain,
 Attentive solely to the bearded grain, 265
 The due feeds trust not to the furrow'd field,
 Nor to earth rashly the year's promise yield,
 Till at sol's rise the pleiad choir retires,
 And Gnosus' blazing circlet veils her fires.
 Many before the fall of Maia sow, 265
 But empty ears are all the crop they know.
 But if you sow the fasel vile, and tare,
 And deem th' Ægyptian lentil worth your care,
 Bootes sinking a sure mark will send ;
 Go ! and your labour to mid-frost extend. 270
 Hence o'er the portion'd orb with golden ray
 Thro' twelve bright signs the sun exerts his sway :
 Five zones the heav'ns embrace : one, still the same,
 Eternal reddens with the solar flame :
 At each extremest end on either side, 275
 Stiff with black storms and ice, two more stretch wide :
 These

These and the middle zone between, kind heav'n
 Two more in pity to frail man has giv'n:
 Thro' these a way is cut, in radiant round
 Obliquely wheeling where the signs are found. 280
 High as the world at Scythia's steeps ascends,
 So low as Libya's sands it downward bends:
 One pole for ever it's aerial brow
 Lifts o'er our heads; one the pale ghosts below
 And fable Styx beneath their feet behold: 285
 There glides the Dragon of enormous mould,
 And, winding like a river, wreaths his train
 Between the Bears, the Bears that dread the main.
 Here, or perpetual rests still night 'tis said,
 And adds new horrors to the thick'ning shade, 290
 Or from our hemisphere with gladd'ning ray
 Aurora hastens, and brings back the day;
 And when on us Sol's panting steeds first breath,
 Then lights clear Vesper the late lamps beneath.
 Hence in the dubious sky we learn to know 295
 The threatening tempest, when to reap and sow,
 Lash the false sea with oars, in lengthen'd line
 Arrange arm'd fleets, or fell the forest-pine.
 Nor think that vainly the stars set and rise,
 Or that the vary'd year no hints supplies. 300

When

When chilly rains forbid abroad to roam,
 Much may at leisure be prepar'd at home,
 What need oft hurries, when the season's fair : 303
 The ploughman to an edge whets the blunt share ;
 Scoops troughs from trees : nor lets his flocks the
 Marks, or prints numbers on his sacks of grain. [swain
 Some sharpen spars, and two-horn'd forks, and twine
 From willows twigs to stay the flexile vine.
 Now weave with bramble rods the frail's thin round ;
 With fire now roast the corn, with flints now pound.
 Nay ev'n for festal days some works are fit, 311
 Works, which the laws of gods and men permit.
 Moist lands no rigour would refuse to drain,
 Or with an hedge to fence the springing grain ;
 To burn the thorns, the feather'd race insnare, 315
 Or in the river plunge the bleating care.
 Nor to the city trudging on these days
 Of oil and fruit the clown his trade delays ;
 Returning of black pitch he brings a mass,
 Or with th' indented stone loads his slow ass. 320
 Observe the moon ; ev'n she for rural cares
 In various order lucky days declares :
 Beware the fifth : on this detested morn
 Pale Orcus, and the sister-fiends were born ;

Book I. OF VIRGIL. 17

Cæus, Japetus, then sprang to birth, 325
And fell Typhæus, the dire brood of Earth ;
And Giant-brethren, who with frenzy fir'd
By force to rend heav'n's battlements conspir'd :
On Pelion thrice vast Ossa they essay'd
To heave ; on Ossa next with all his shade 330
To roll Olympus : thrice th' eternal Sire
Split the proud structures with his balls of fire.
Of prosp'rous days the sev'nteenth he prefers,
Who plants his vineyard, tames reluctant steers,
And weaves the woof : the ninth for men in speed 335
Is best, but adverse to the knave in need.
For the cool night some tasks are fittest found,
Or when the Morn with dew first gems the ground.
At night the stubble, the dry meadows mow ;
These hours a moisture fail not to bestow. 340
One, to point torches with a knife, all night
Wakes by a winter-fire's expiring light ;
Mean while his wife to sooth his labour sings,
As thro' the loom the rattling shoot she flings,
Or of sweet must boils off the wat'ry part, 345
And scums the kettle's wavy foam with art.
At noon red Ceres sinks upon the plain ;
At noon the threshers beat the roasted grain.

B

While

While lasts warm weather plow and sow your fields ;
 Winter long leisure to the farmer yields 350
 The genial God, when pinching colds annoy,
 Invites the rustic throng to scenes of joy ;
 Their stores in social intercourse they share,
 And in carousals banish ev'ry care :
 Happy as mariners, all perils past, 355
 When their crown'd vessels touch the port at last.
 Pluck acorns at this season of the year,
 And of their fruits the bay and olive clear,
 And strip the myrtle: toils and nets prepare
 For cranes and stags, and trace the long-ear'd hare ;
 Now let the slinger learn to stun the doe, 361
 While rivers push down ice, and earth lies deep in
 Why should I storms and signs autumnal sing ? [snow.
 Or tell, what vigilance it asks, when spring
 In heavy show'rs precipitates away, 365
 Or the days shorten, and the heats decay ;
 In the green stem when swells the milky grain,
 And the spik'd harvests bristle all the plain ?
 Oft have I seen, when to the yellow land
 The rural lord had brought his Reaper-band ; 370
 'To the brown sheaf as he the swath applies,
 Instant the warring winds tumultuous rise :

Rent from profoundest earth the scatter'd corn
 With all it's weight of root aloft is born :
 Whirling in rapid circles thro' the sky 375
 Before the blast light chaff and stubble fly.
 Oft a vast wat'ry throng from Ether pours, [show'rs
 And from the deep clouds thick'ning with black
 Swell the dire storm : the skies burst rushing down,
 And the fair fields in one vast deluge drown : 380
 The dikes o'erflow ; the rivers rise, and roar ;
 Of boiling ocean steams the straiten'd store.
 Thron'd in the centre of dark clouds heav'n's Sire
 Wings with his waving arm the forky fire :
 Earth shudders at the shock ; the beasts are fled, 385
 And thro' wide regions mortals funk with dread ;
 Or Rhodope, or Athos feels the blow,
 Or of Ceraunia the proud tops bow low :
 Rage the redoubling winds ; with show'rs the ground
 Smokes : to the tempest woods and shores resound. 390
 This would you shun ? the months and stars obey ;
 Note, in what orbs Cyllenius winds his way ;
 Where creeps cold Saturn, chief the Gods revere,
 And to great Ceres, each revolving year,
 Pay grateful off'rings on the grassy plain, 395
 When spring succeeds to winter's dreary reign.

Then wines are mell'west ; fat lambs crop the glade,
 Then slumbers please, and hills grow brown with
 Ceres let all your rustic youth adore : [shade.
 For her with milk and soft wine sprinkled o'er 400
 Heap honey'd combs ; and, while th' attendant throng
 In glad procession raise the choral song,
 Courting the Goddess to their roofs with cries,
 Round the fresh fruits thrice lead the sacrifice :
 Nor with rash hook dare one the ripe stalk wound,
 Till, with the twisted oak his temples bound, 406
 In uncouth measure first to Ceres' praise,
 Frisking he beat the ground, and chant his lays.

By certain signs, so wills great Jove, the swain
 Predicts heats, chilly winds, and rattling rain, 410
 Reads in the monthly moon a sure presage,
 And sees the marks of Auster's sinking rage.
 Nor wants the Grazier tokens, when to call
 His straggling cattle near the sheltering stall.
 Strait, with the rising tempest, by degrees 415
 Or heaves the tremulous surface of the seas,
 And o'er the region of the hilly ground
 Breaks a dry crackle ; or afar resound
 The billow-beaten shores, while swelling near
 The forest's leafy rustle fills the ear. 420

Then

Then scarce the waves forbear the crooked ship,
When from the middle of the furgy deep
Speed the swift Corm'rants screaming to the strand,
And footy sea-coots gambol on the sand;
And herons, quitting their known marshes fly 425
Above the clouds, high-soaring in the sky.
Oft, wind impending, sudden to the sight
The stars shoot headlong from th' ethereal height,
Leaving behind long trails of light, that shine
Thro' night's gloom, streaming in a silv'ry line. 430
Oft fluttering feathers on the pool's top play,
And chaff and falling foliage flit away.

But when from Boreas' quarter lightnings fly,
And East and West with thunders rend the sky,
O'er all the floated region foaming sweep 435
The dikes, and ev'ry failor in the deep
Furls his wet fails: unwarn'd none rues the rain;
Either the cranes, who wing th' aerial plain,
Have shun'd it from the low vales, as it rose;
Or heifer, with look lifted and curl'd nose, 440
Snuff'd the dank vapours; or with twitt'ring sound
O'er the lake's brim the swallow took her round;
Or, at the show'r's approach the croaking throng
Tun'd in the mud their melancholy song.

Oft has the ant, working her narrow road, 445
 Brought out her eggs from her recluse abode,
 And heav'n's bow drunk ; and an unnumber'd croud
 Of ravens with close pinions clatter'd loud,
 Quitting their food : now fowl of wat'ry kind,
 That in Cayster's lakes with bill declin'd 450
 Pry o'er the meads of Afius, largely lave
 Their backs, besprinkled with the dashing wave,
 Now dare the waters, now the surface sweep,
 And idly wet their plumage in the deep.
 Then the rook calls the rain in lengthen'd tone, 455
 And paces on the sandy waste alone.
 Nor less the damsels, in nocturnal hour
 Working their wool, foretel the coming show'r,
 As the lamp burns, when sputt'ring sparkles round
 Dart from the oil, and fungusses abound. 460
 Nor from less certain tokens are foreseen
 Days without show'rs, and an expanse serene :
 For then the stars no languid lustre lend,
 Nor does the Moon the vault of heav'n ascend
 Glimm'ring with borrow'd beams, nor to the eye 465
 Clouds of dun hue roll fleecy thro' the sky :
 Nor do the birds, by Thetis lov'd, expand
 To the warm sun their wings along the strand ;

Nor

Nor with their snouts the swine about them throw
The loosen'd dunghill : but mists creeping low 470
Rest on the plain ; and from some turret's height,
With weak eyes watching the departing light
In vain, the bird of night plies her late lay :
Aloft soars Nifus in th' aerial way ;
For the bright lock just vengeance Scylla feels ; 475
Where'er her flight with rapid wings she wheels,
In the same track her fierce avenger nigh
Nifus with whirring pinions beats the sky ;
And where sublime in air he mounting springs,
Strait her swift flight she speeds with rapid wings.
Now do the ravens press their lengthen'd throats,
And at short intervals pour liquid notes ;
And fluttering with a strange and new delight,
Oft fondly rustle in the leafy height,
Glad, when the storm is past, again to see 485
Their downy nests, and puny progeny.
Not that to birds, I trust, by Fate or Heav'n
A subtler mind, or prescience has been giv'n ;
But when new properties in Ether rise,
Bred by the storm and fluctuating skies ; 490
And, moisten'd by bleak Ausfer's blasts, the air
The thin condenses, or the dense makes rare ;

Their minds too sympathize, and changeful own
 An impulse, while the tempest rag'd, unknown :
 Hence with the feather'd choir, the fields rejoice, 495
 The cattle frisk, and ravens lift their voice.

But if you give to Sol attention due,
 And with strict eye the moons successive view,
 Securely may you trust the following day,
 Nor will the night's serenity betray. 500
 When Phœbe first receives her Brother's beam,
 If thro' dark air her horns obscurely gleam,
 Th' impending show'r on land and ocean dread :
 But if her face be flush'd with virgin red,
 Expect a tempest; sage observers find, 505
 Bright Phœbe reddens with the rising wind.
 At her fourth rise, of all the surest sign,
 If with sharp horns in air serene she shine,
 That day and all, progressive in their train,
 To a full month, will want both wind and rain; 510
 And the glad mariner, all perils o'er,
 Pay to the Gods his off'rings on the shore.

Sol too prognostics of the weather sends,
 When he begins his course, and when he ends ;
 Prognostics certain, both what he supplies 515
 At early morn, and when the stars arise.

When,

When, wrapt in clouds, he climbs the eastern height,
 Vary'd with spots, and half recedes from sight,
 Suspect a show'r; for, rushing from the seas,
 The South, pernicious to herds, corn, and trees, 520
 Drives the dark storm; or, when at dawn of day
 He here and there darts forth a diverse ray
 'Mong thick'ning clouds; or, with wan hue o'er-
 Aurora rises from Tithonus' bed, [spread,
 Ah! little will the leaf the grapes avail, 525
 So fast on roofs bounds the rough rattling hail.
 This too more useful cautions will supply,
 When, having run his round, he quits the sky:
 For his bright orb oft diff'ring colours stain:
 The fiery storms; the blue denounces rain. 530
 But should the specks with flame be redd'n'd o'er,
 Soon wind and clouds will burst forth in a roar.
 That night, ah! tempt me not the seas to dare,
 Nor rashly from the coast the cable tear.
 But if the Sun, when he rolls down the day, 535
 And when restores it, shine with lucid ray,
 In vain the clouds alarm: the woods you'll find
 Wave their green tops before the clear north-wind.
 Lastly by signs unerring he declares 539
 What late Eve brings, what the moist South prepares,
 Whence

Whence the wind drives the thin clouds' sweepy train :
 Lives there, who deems the Sun's predictions vain ?
 He warns, when madding tumults are at hand,
 When fraud, and wars long-hidden threat the land :
 He felt a pang for Rome, great CÆSAR dead, 545
 When with dark purple his refulgent head
 He veil'd from view, and, shuddering at the sight,
 The guilty nations fear'd eternal night.
 Earth too, the billows of the wat'ry way,
 Birds, and ill-omen'd dogs presag'd that day. 550
 Oft Ætna waving has been seen to pour
 O'er the Cyclopean fields a burning show'r
 From her rent caverns, and with bellowing sound
 Shoot globes of fire, and molten rocks around.
 Germania heard aerial clang of arms ; 555
 And Alps, portentous, shook with new alarms.
 Thro' the still groves oft, bursting on the ear,
 A loud voice swells : all-ghastly pale appear
 Spectres at dusk of eve : beasts hold discourse,
 Hideous to tell ! and rivers cease their course : 560
 Earth yawns : the forrowing iv'ry in the fanes
 Weeps, and a trickling dew the brafs distains.
 Eridanus, great king of Latian floods,
 With rapid whirl uprooted loftiest woods,

Book I. OF VIRGIL. 27

And foaming frantic with impetuous sway 565

O'er all the plains swept herds and stalls away.

Nor did the fibres at that time forbear

In the slain victims menaces to wear :

The wells ran blood ; and in the dead of night

Loud-howling wolves fill'd cities with affright. 570

Ne'er did more light'nings thro' a sky serene

Flash ; nor so oft were blazing comets seen.

For this a second time with rival rage

Philippi saw the Roman hosts engage ;

And twice Emathia, (nor the Gods withstood) 575

And Hæmus' fields were fatten'd with our blood.

The days will come, when in these tracts the swain,

As with his plough he drudges at the plain,

Shall find worn jav'lins, cank'ring in the ground,

Or, as he harrows, hear a tinkling sound 580

From the struck helms, and see with wond'ring eyes

Bones, dug from graves, of more than human size.

Ye guardian Gods ! Indigetes ! whose care

Tiber, and Rome's imperial grandeur share,

Check not this Youth, who labours to restore 585

A world degenerate : we request no more.

Our blood for past offences may suffice,

Too dear a price for royal perjuries.

Long

Long since the Gods, repining at thy stay, 589
Would court thee, CÆSAR, from earth's pomps away.
For now below men right and wrong confound ;
So many wars, such various crimes abound :
No worthy honour to the plough remains ;
The fields all-squalid mourn their ravish'd swains ;
Straight swords are hammer'd from the crooked share :
Euphrates maddens here, Germania there : 596
Confed'rate states discordant rise in arms,
All leagues dissolv'd: fell Mars with dire alarms
Raves round the globe; as pouring from the goal
With added speed the rival chariots roll : 600
Rapt by the steeds the Racer tugs in vain ;
Swift flies the car, reluctant to the rein.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
GEORGICS.

B O O K

II.

OF signs celestial, and the cultur'd plain,
Thus far; next, Bacchus! to thy praise the strain
Is due; trees too, and shrubs I'll sing with thee,
And the slow-rising olive's progeny.

Lenæan Sire, be present to my lays! 5

Where-e'er we turn, the scene thy gifts displays:

For thee, with Autumn laden, swells the vine;

And the full vintage froths with floods of wine.

Come, Sire Lenæan! nor with me disdain

Thy legs unbuskin'd in new must to stain. 10

First, in creating trees attentive know

How Nature varies; some spontaneous grow,

Un-

Unconscious of man's toil, and wide abound :
 As flexile broom, that loves the champaign-ground,
 Poplars, and osiers soft, near rivers seen, 15
 And willows hoar with leaves of blueish green.

From seed, fortuitously dropt, part rise ;
 Such as the chefnut, tow'ring to the skies,
 The beech, of trees with broadest foliage fraught,
 And oaks, oracular by Grecians thought. 20

Others, as elms and cherries, from their root
 See a thick grove of springing suckers shoot :
 Ev'n the Parnassian Bay, while young, seeks aid
 From the vast shelter of parental shade. 24

These methods Nature taught ; by means like these
 Flourish shrubs, hallow'd groves, and forest-trees.

Methods there are, which gradual Use has found :

This puts young suckers in the furrow'd ground,
 Torn from the mother's tender trunk : that takes
 Sets, cleft in four, or sharpen'd into stakes, 30

And buries: from the tortur'd layer's sweep
 In their own earth some trees delight to keep
 A living nursery; while others need

No root, but from the tops of sprigs succeed.
 Ev'n from dry cuttings of a stock will shoot, 35
 Wond'rous to tell ! an olive's spreading root :

And

And oft one plant by easy change we see
Affume the branches of an alien tree :
Thus on the plum blush cornels ; and the pear,
Transform'd, inferted apples knows to bear. 40

Rise ye, to whom this province is assign'd,
And learn the culture proper to each kind ;
The savage fruits by art to soften try,
Nor let your lands in sloth neglected lie :
What joy on Ism'rus rows of vines to spread, 45
And clothe with olives great Taburnus' head !

Come then, my pride ! my glory ! in whose name
I boast the greatest part of all my fame,
With me pursue the destin'd task, and deign
To give the loosn'd canvass to the main: 50
Not that I hope, had I an hundred tongues,
An hundred mouths, and brass-resounding lungs,
To croud so vast a subject in my song :
Come then, the first shore's margin coast along !
The land's in view: no fictions I'll display, 55
Nor in preambles vain your course delay.

Trees, that spontaneous shoot into the skies,
Fruitless indeed, but fair and sturdy rise,
Strong nature working in the soil: yet these
Wild as they are, will take what forms, you please,

And leave their sylvan genius, if with care 61

You graff them, or to order'd trenches bear.

Nor less to art the steril suckers yield,

If once transplanted to the spacious field : 64

Darken'd by leaves and boughs no fruit they know ;

Their mother screens, and blasts them as they blow.

Trees, that have sprung from casual seed, slow rise :

But late posterity their shade shall prize.

Apples, their former flavour lost, decay :

And grapes but ripen to the birds a prey. 70

Culture and cost all equally demand,

To tame, and force them in the furrow'd land.

To Paphian myrtles solid wood assign ;

To olives truncheons, layers to the vine ;

Thus best each thrives : from suckers ashes grow ; 75

The tree, that branches for Alcides' brow ;

Hazels, and acorns of Chaonia's Sire,

Sea-faring fir, and palms this way aspire.

From walnuts the rough arbutes graffs receive ;

To barren planes an offspring apples give ; 80

To chesnuts beaches ; Ashes learn to bear

The paly blossom of the downy pear ;

And grafted elms, o'er-charg'd with bitter mast,

Spread to the crunching swine a rich repast.

Nor

Book II. OF VIRGIL. 35

Nor to infert the graff, and eye include, 85

Deem the fame tafk : where fprouting gems protrude
From the mid bark, and pierce the membranes, there
A fmall and ftrait recefs is flit with care :

For this a bud from a ftrange tree they find,
And bid it grow into the weeping rind. 90

Or the cut knotlefs flock the deep wedge cleaves,
And the cleft bole the fertile graffs receives :
Strait with rich boughs to heav'n the Tree afpires,
And foreign leaves and foreign fruit admires.

Nor yet to Elms, or Willows is affign'd, 95

To Lotes, or Cypreffes, a fingle kind :

Of Olives, whether Orchites the name,

Paufia, or Radii, various is the frame :

Unnumber'd forms Alcinous' fruitage wears,

Nor apples lefs ; and fhoots diftinguifh pears : 100

Nor fuch ripe clufters do our vines command,

As in Methymna tempt the Gatherer's hand.

A fat foil fuits the Mareotic vine ;

Men to the Thafian a light glebe confign.

The Pfythia, proper in the fun to dry, 105

And, whole quick fumes the tongue and feet will try,

The thin Lageos, Purple, afk my verfe,

And Early grape : fay, how fhall I rehearfe

Thy praise, O Rhætica ! yet rashly vain
 Cope not with wine Falernian vaults contain. 110
 Amminean vines of generous juice why sing,
 Rever'd by 'Tmolus' and Phanæus' King ;
 Or less Argitis, yet unmatched in song,
 For flowing largely, and for lasting long ?
 Nor shall I leave in silence thee, of Rhodes, 115
 To men delicious, grateful to the Gods !
 Nor thee, Bumastus, of protuberant size !
 But who their names and numbers can comprise ?
 And what avails it ? who would learn, as well
 Whirl'd by the West the Libyan sands might tell, 120
 Or, by the furious East when ships are tost,
 Count ev'ry wave, that beats th' Ionian coast.

Nor yet all trees alike all lands approve :
 The willow rivers, alders marshes love ;
 The barren ash in rocky mountain-ground 125
 Rejoices ; myrtles on sea-shores abound :
 Bacchus affects the breezy hilly height ;
 Yews in the cold and Boreal blasts delight.
 The cultur'd globe's extremest ends survey,
 The Scythian wilds, and realms of rising Day, 130
 Trees separate nations : Indian climes alone
 Bear the black Eben ; frankincense her own

Book II. OF VIRGIL. 37

Soft Sabe calls: of balsams need I say,
That sweat thro' aromatic wood their way,
Or berries of Acanthus? or describe 135
The flimzy fleeces, that the Seric tribe
Comb off from leaves? or mention in the West
The forests hoary with a wooly vest?
Or at Earth's verge, where Ocean laves the coast,
Declare what groves the sons of India boast, 140
A quiver'd race, whose arrows' loftiest flight
Soars not above their trees' stupendous height?
Citron, blest fruit, the Median tracts produce,
Of ling'ring favour, and of austere juice; 144
Than which no plant, when stepdames, fell of foul,
With charms and temper'd drugs have mixt the bowl,
An antidote more instant can impart,
To rout the venom, ere it reach the heart:
A large fair tree, in form so like a bay,
A bay it were, did not the boughs betray 150
A diff'ring scent; the flow'r clings firm and fast,
The leaves tenacious mock the forceful blast.
With this the Medes relieve a noisome breath,
And snatch asthmaics from the arms of Death.

Yet may not Media vie, tho' rich in woods, 155
Nor Ganges fair, nor Hermus' golden floods,

With ITALY, nor Ind, nor Bactra's lands,
 Nor all Panchæa with her spicy sands.
 Here no fire-breathing bulls the yoke have known,
 Nor in the furrows serpents' teeth been sown, 160
 Nor iron harvests of mens' helms and spears
 Roughen'd the fields; but crops of bearded ears,
 And Bacchus' purple gifts have throng'd the ground,
 And olives flourish, and herds frisk around.
 Hence prances to the plain the stately steed, 165
 Hence the vast victim bull, and snow-white breed,
 Oft in thy stream, Clitumnus, cleans'd from stains,
 Precede Rome's triumphs to the hallow'd fanes.
 In strange months summer, lasting spring we see,
 Sheep twice are big, twice apples load the tree. 170
 No lion-brood, no tigers roam the land;
 Nor pois'nous plants deceive the reaper's hand;
 Nor snakes their orbs immense along the plain
 Snatch, nor in such vast volumes writhe their train.
 Here labour'd works, proud cities strike our eyes;
 Rear'd on rough rocks there towns aerial rise; 176
 Beneath old battlements, see! rivers flow:
 Shall I name ocean, that above, below,
 Laves her? or vaunt her lakes? thee, Larius! thee,
 Benacus! foaming like a troubled sea? 180

Her

Book II. OF VIRGIL. 39

Her ports, and moles to Lucrine join'd, explain,
Or tell the roarings of th' indignant main,
The reflux floods where Julius' water braves,
And in Avernus rush the Tyrrhene waves?
Copper and silver ore her veins have shown, 185
And gold in copious tides has been her own.
She a rough race of men the Marfi boasts,
The painful Ligures, the Sabine hosts,
The dart-fam'd Volsci: she the Decii gave,
The great Camilli, Marii bold and brave, 190
The Scipio-line, invincible in fight;
Thee, mightiest CÆSAR! she brought forth to light;
Who, of all Asia victor, from the pow'rs
Of humbled India screen'd the Roman tow'rs.
Prolific Parent, hail! for thee I raise, 195
Saturnian Land! themes full of art and praise,
And, daring to disclose the sacred spring,
Aſcræan strains through Roman cities ſing.

Of foils the genius we muſt next declare;
The ſtrength, the colour; what each beſt will bear.
Firſt ſtubborn foils, and churliſh hilly grounds, 201
Where gravel in the ſhrubby lands abounds
Mixt with a meager clay, rejoice to raiſe
An olive-grove, that lives a length of days:

Groups of wild olives interspers'd make known 205
The spot, and fields with sylvan berries strown.

But where the ground a sweet'ning moisture cheers,
And the fair plain in verdant pomp appears,

(Such as low valleys spread before the sight,
When rivers, melting from the rocky height, 210

Feed them with ooze;) and, to the south-wind bare,
Breeds ferns, detested by the crooked share :

Here to your warmest wish in pride shall grow
Vines, whose swell'd clusters in full streams shall flow;

Here the juice mellow, that in hallow'd hour, 215

When the puff Tuscan's pipe has ceas'd, we pour
From golden goblets, as in chargers bent

The reeking loads we to the Gods present.

But should the care of herds, or calves more please,

Or lambs, or kids tormenting tender trees, 220

Seek lawns afar on rich Tarentum's coast,

Fields, such as hapless Mantua once could boast,

Feeding in mossy streams where swans are found :

Here herb for cattle, here clear springs abound;

And what in one long day the grazing train 225

Crop, a short night's cool dew restores again.

A black glebe, fat beneath the prest plough-share,

Of texture, such as we by art prepare,

Is best for corn : (returning from no plains
The slow-pac'd oxen drag more loaden wains;) 230
Or whence th' indignant hind has fetch'd the wood,
And fell'd the groves, that uselefs long have stood ;
And grub'd the birds' old mansions : in affright
Quitting their nests they wing'd their airy flight.
Torn by the share soon brightens the rough land :
For of the steepy country the lean sand, 236
And toph, and chalk gnawn by the snaky brood,
Scarce to the bees lend dew, and meanest food :
For sweet repast, and winding ways, no place
Is half so grateful to the serpent-race. 240
Lands, that exhale light vapours, and receive
Moisture at pleasure, and at pleasure give,
Their own green liv'ry that perennial wear,
Nor foul with scurf and rust the shining share,
Will teach the Vine her elm to curl around 245
With wanton tend'rils; these with oil abound,
The freshest grafs for cattle these allow,
And bear the labours of the crooked plough.
Such are the fields rich Capua's peasants till,
And such the region round Vesevus' hill, 250
And meads, that Clanius laves, whose fury falls
Oft on Acerra's desolated walls.

Next

Next the distinctive marks of soils I'll show :
 Would you a subtle from a dense glebe know ?
 (One favours vines, and one the golden grain, 255
 The subtle Bacchus, Ceres the dense plain :)
 A spot selected, sink a pit profound,
 Then back replace the dirt, and tread the ground :
 Should mould be wanting, the soil loose declare,
 And flocks will fatten, and vines flourish there : 260
 But if the rubbish it's old seat disdain,
 And, the trench fill'd, redundant mould remain,
 With ridgy clots expect a sluggish soil ;
 Here, harness to the yoke, let stout steers toil :
 But earth, that planters salt and bitter name, 265
 Churlish to corn, and what no plough can tame,
 Alike unfit to propagate the kind
 Of grapes and apples, by this mark you'll find :
 Baskets with twigs well-woven first provide, 269
 And wine-press strainers, in the smoke long dry'd,
 Snatch from the roofs ; in these the bad mould fling
 Heap'd high, and drench'd with water from the
 Soon thro' the wicker, struggling to be free, [spring :
 The liquid trickling in large drops you'll see ;
 The favour will detect itself now plain, 275
 And the shockt Taster writhe his mouth with pain.

The

The greazy foil this token will betray ;
Squeez'd in the hand it crumbles not away,
But pitch-like clammy to the fingers clings :
In the moist ground rank grafs luxuriant springs ; 280
O ! be not mine so fertile, nor appear
It's strength too forward in the early ear !
The heavy speaks itself, nor lets the light :
Colours are all discernible at sight :
The cold foil shuns the search ; unless the yew, 285
Fir, or black ivy point it to the view.

Regardful of these precepts, timely bake
Your ground, and trenches in the great hills make ;
Ere the glad vine you plant, the glebe to bare,
And lay it leaning to the northern air. 290
To none yield lands, that boast a crumbling mould,
Effect of drying blasts, and frosty cold,
And of the drudging Digger's skilful pains ;
They, to whose heed no task undone remains,
Rest not, till soils quite similar they see, 295
In one to rear, in one transplant the tree,
Left a strange parent the new nursling find :
Yet more, they print the aspect on the rind,
To each it's former station to restore ;
Mark, on what side the southern heats it bore, 300
What

What parts were open to the Boreal rage :
So strong is habit's force in tender age.

Consider first, if it be better found
To plant on hilly, or on level ground :
If you a plain prefer, in thick ranks sow ; 305
Vines not less fertile in thick ranks will grow.
But if a wavy surface claim your care,
And sloping steeps, 'tis best your ranks to spare :
Yet in exactest rows your trees design,
Each space responding to the transverse line. 310
As in th' embattled field we oft behold
The length'ning legion all it's files unfold ;
From the dire conflict while the hosts abstain,
And Mars yet dubious roams the midmost plain,
The rank'd battalions stand expos'd to fight ; 315
The wide field fluctuates with a brazen light.
So at just intervals arrange your trees ;
Yet not alone a vacant mind to please,
But that Earth equally may feed each root,
And free in air the spreading branches shoot. 320

Ask ye, how low the trenches should be cut ?
In a slight furrow I the vine would put ;
Not so the Tree : the Tree delights to stretch
In earth more deep his fibres ; chief the Beech :

High

Book II. O F V I R G I L. 45

High as to heav'n his towring top ascends, 325

So low his root to hell's dark regions tends.

Hence on his strength keen winters waste their pow'r,

The roaring tempest, and the rattling show'r;

Unmov'd he mocks their rage; nor knows decay

While men and generations pass away : 330

On all sides round his sturdy arms display'd,

He stands, and bears a mighty weight of shade.

Let not your vineyard toward the west incline,

Nor mix the hazel with your rows of vine :

The topmost shoots reject, and (such the love 335

Of earth) take not your cuttings from above.

Beware your plants with blunted steel to wound,

Nor let wild olives creep into your ground.

Oft from the careless hinds a casual spark

Falls, and, first lurking in the unctuous bark, 340

Catches the stem, then creeping up on high

Preys on the leaves, and crackles in the sky :

From bough to bough the conqu'ring ruin strays,

Reigns o'er the top sublime, in one bright blaze

Wraps all the grove, and, thick with pitchy night,

Whirls dusky volumes up th' ethereal height : 346

Chief if, a storm descending on the wood,

The winds before them urge the fiery flood.

To

To your scorcht trees no arts can life restore ;
 In vain you cut them, they return no more, 350
 Nor rise renew'd in verdure, once their own ;
 Unhurt the steril olive stands alone.

Aw'd by the counfels of the wife forbear
 To stir the ground, while Boreas chills the air :
 In vain you fet ; fast-bound by Winter's hand 355
 No root can fasten in the frozen land.
 Then plant your vines, when in the youthful year
 Loath'd by long adders the white birds appear ;
 Or when the cold autumnal heats succeeds,
 Nor yet has Winter felt Sol's panting steeds. 360
 In spring the groves, in spring the woods delight,
 In spring swoll'n lands the genial feeds invite.
 Then on his glad Wife's breast in fertile show'rs
 Himself th' all-potent Father Ether pours ;
 Mixt with the Mother in a vast embrace 365
 The mighty Sire refreshes all her race.
 The lone brakes echo with the plummy quire,
 And on fet days herds burn with fierce desire :
 Earth bounteous teems ; the fields their bosom bare
 To the kind warmth of Zephyr's balmy air : 370
 A subtile moisture wide prevails : the land
 Dares to new suns her verdant vest expand :

Nor

Nor then the Vine dreads Aufter's threat'ning pow'r,
 Or, by rough Boreas driv'n, the weighty show'r ;
 But all her gems, and all her leaves displays : 375
 Such was, I trust, the brightness of the days,
 In the same tenour the soft season ran,
 When in it's first weak growth the world began :
 Yes, spring was then : o'er the vast globe spring reign'd,
 And baneful Eurus his bleak blasts restrain'd ; 380
 What time the flocks light's liquid lustre cheer'd,
 And from the flinty earth with head uprear'd
 Burst forth Man's iron breed, and stars were sent
 To shed their radiance o'er the firmament,
 And savage beasts the forest-walks to range : 385
 Nor could Creation yet have born the change,
 Had there of heat and cold no respite been,
 Nor the fields foster'd by a sky serene.

Next when you force your sprigs into the ground,
 Sprinkle fat dung, and heap the mould around : 390
 In earth about them spongy pebbles hide,
 Or rugged shells : between them streams will slide
 To feed the feeble fibres, and diffuse
 Round the young plants invigorating dews. 394
 Nor are there now some wanting, who have thrown
 Above a weight of shards and pond'rous stone,

A fure protection 'gainst the rufhing rain,
 Or when hot Sirius cleaves the gaping plain.
 Soon as your fets are plac'd, the glebe raife high
 About the roots, and hard-tooth'd drags apply, 400
 Or, winding oft the leafy rows between,
 Yok'd to the plough let ftruggling fteers be feen.
 Smooth reeds and flakes of afh be then your care ;
 And fpears of polifh'd rods, and forks prepare,
 To prop, and teach them to creep ftage by ftage 405
 Up the tall Elm, and brave the tempeft's rage.
 In youth's firft growth, their fhoots juft fpringing,
 Their tender years ; and while in open air [fpare
 The bough luxuriant runs with loofen'd rein,
 From the fharp pruning-hook a while abftain ; 410
 Nip with your nail the fhoots, and ev'ry fpace
 Clear from caft leaves : but when with clofe embrace
 Strong round their elms the rambling tendrils twine,
 Then ftrip the foliage, lop the ftraggling vine : 414
 Till then they dread the ftel : now let them know
 Your pow'r's full force, and check the branchy flow.

To keep off cattle weave thick fences round ;
 Chief, while the faplings feel at ev'ry wound :
 Befide keen winters, and Sol's potent ray,
 Of goats and buffaloes annoys the play ; 420
 And

And the sheep nibble, and the kine devour :
 Not half so harmful is the piercing pow'r
 Of hoary frosts, or summer's scorching heat,
 When on dry rocks the solar fervours beat,
 As the sharp venom of the browsing kind, 425
 And the deep scar imprinted on the rind.
 For this to Bacchus bleeds the goat, and Plays
 Assume the buskin'd pomp of ancient days :
 The sons of Theseus to contending Bards,
 Decreed in towns and public ways rewards, 430
 And in mad mood with many a sportive bound
 Leap'd on oil'd bags along the grassy ground.
 Th' Ausonians too, a colony of Troy,
 In uncouth metre give a loofe to joy :
 In hideous masks of hollow'd bark the throng 435
 Invoke thee, Bacchus, in the festal song,
 And hang for thee with images the pine :
 Hence with full produce swells the bloomy vine ;
 With purple harvests vallies, lawns abound,
 Where'er the God has turn'd his visage round. 440
 To Bacchus' praise then hymns of honour sing
 In custom'd verse, and cakes and chargers bring ;
 Before the altar lead the goat, and there
 On hazel spits the hallow'd feast prepare.

Yet more; one endless labour vines demand; 445
 Oft ev'ry year to plough the planted land,
 Ceaseless with drags to break the mould, and free
 Of her superfluous leaves the cumber'd tree.
 One round of toil employs the drudging swain,
 And in itself the year rolls back again. 450
 When her late honours now the vine has cast,
 And the stript forests felt the northern blast,
 Ev'n then no vigilance the Rustic spares,
 But to the coming year extends his cares,
 With Saturn's fickle plies the slighted trees, 455
 And lops, and prunes, and forms them by degrees.
 Dig you the first, the cuttings in a blaze
 First set, and homeward first bear back the staves,
 But reap the last: twice shadowy leaves abound, 459
 With tangling thorns twice weeds o'er-spread the
 Tiresome alike each task: do you commend [ground:
 Extensive vineyards, but a small one tend.
 The fithe to reeds along the river's side,
 And the rough twigs of Ruscus, is apply'd;
 Nor less wild willows your attention share: 465
 Now the well-order'd rows the hook forbear;
 The Dresser, spent with toil, surveys his vines
 Fast-bound, and whistles near th' extremest lines:

Still

Still he must cleave the clods, still stir the plain;
And for the ripen'd clusters dread the rain. 470

Not olives thus: no culture they demand:
When once they've fixt their fibres in the land,
And once the changes of the weather born,
Harrows, and pruning hooks alike they scorn.
Open'd by drags Earth largely feeds the roots, 475
And furrow'd loads the bending boughs with fruits.
Thus with fat olives, lov'd of Peace, you deal:
And apples, when the sturdy trunks they feel,
Proud of strength all their own, that instant rise
Disdaining aid, and shoot into the skies. 480
Nor less the woods their weighty branches show,
And sylvan brakes with sanguine berries glow.
The shrub is shorn: from forests torches come,
And late fires glimmer through the nightly gloom
With streamy splendors: and does Man recoil? 485
Doubts he to lend his labour to the soil?

But why sublimer themes should I pursue?
To brooms and willows some regard is due;
Whence browse to cattle, shelter to the swain,
Sweets to the bee, and fences to the grain. 490
The pitchy groves of Naryx give delight,
And box-trees waving on Cytorus' height:

And the fair fields how grateful to behold,
 Where no share turns, no harrow marks the mould !
 The barren woods of Caucasus, that bear 495
 The rage of Eurus, rent, and whirl'd thro' air,
 For dwellings cedars, cypresses assign,
 And for the vessel lend the lofty pine :
 Hence spokes for wheels are fashioned by the swains,
 Bent keels for ships, and rollers for the wains. 500
 With leaves are elms, with twigs the willow stor'd ;
 Cornels fit instruments of war afford ;
 Stout spears the myrtle : yews their boughs bestow
 To form the flexure of th' Ityrea bow :
 Nor the box, shaven by the turner's wheel, 505
 Nor the smooth limes resist the shaping steel.
 Launch'd on the Po the foamy flood along
 Floats the light alder : in swarms clust'ring throng
 To hollow barks and rotten oaks the bees :
 What gifts has Bacchus to compare with these ? 510
 Bacchus to violence has led the way :
 Rhætus and Pholus perish'd in the fray,
 Fierce Centaurs both : Hylæus pour'd his soul,
 As at the Lapithæ he aim'd a bowl.
 Too happy ye, whom rural tasks employ, 515
 Did ye the knowledge of your bliss enjoy !

Book II. OF VIRGIL. 53

Far from discordant arms the grateful ground
For you diffuses competence around.
What tho' no palace proud from portals wide
Pours forth of visitants the morning tide, 520
Tho' for no posts with tortoise-shell enrol'd
Ye sigh, no garments wanton'd o'er with gold;
Tho' the white wool no Tyrian poison soil,
Nor spice with fragrance taint the liquid oil;
Yet peace secure, yet days to guile unknown, 525
Leisure with plenty, these are all your own;
The low of herds, clear lakes, and breezy glade,
Grots, and soft sleeps beneath the bow'ry shade.
Nor want ye lawns, or thickets for the chace,
Or train'd to little a rough patient race, 530
Duty to Gods, and Parents: last with you
Astræa linger'd, ere she quite withdrew.

Me may the Nine, my first, my latest care,
With awful love whose mysteries I bear,
Lead thro' heav'n's radiant roads, the starry way; 535
The lunar labours, Sol's defects display;
Tell, by what force the swell'd seas burst the mound,
Then in themselves subside: what rocks the ground;
Whence wintry Suns so rapid roll the light 539
Down to the main; what stays the loit'ring night.

But should these arduous longings be repress'd,
 Life's chilly stream scarce creeping in my breast,
 May rural scenes, thro' meads rills sparkling please,
 And woods, and rivers, in inglorious ease; 544
 Where plains are seen, and Sperchius' winding wave,
 And the proud hill, where Spartan virgins rave :
 In Hæmus' cool vales, O! were I laid,

Screen'd by the sweep of some high-arching shade!
 Happy the Man, whose penetrating mind
 Of things the latent causes first could find, 550
 He, who all terrors, ruthless Fate could quell,
 And the dire din of all-devouring Hell!

Blest too, who knew the Gods, that haunt the plain,
 Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Dryad train ;
 Unmov'd by purple pride, the rods of state, 555
 Or faithless brethren rous'd to mutual hate,
 Or Rome, or kingdoms sinking to decay,
 Or from leagu'd Ister his resistless way

The Dacian bursting : nor for others' store
 Fed he a wish, or sorrow'd for the poor. 560

The boughs he lighten'd of their luscious load,
 And pull'd the fruits, the willing fields bestow'd :
 Stranger to strife he felt no griping law,
 Nor the mad rabble of the Forum saw.

Book II. OF VIRGIL. 55
 Some rush to battle, vex with oars the deep, 565
 Or in the courts of Kings insidious creep;
 For cups of gem, and quilts of Tyrian die,
 Others remorseless loose each public tie:
 On hoarded treasures these ecstatic gaze,
 Those eye the Rostra, stupid with amaze: 570
 This for the theatre's applauding roar
 Sighs: with the blood of brothers sprinkled o'er
 From their dear homes to exile others run,
 And seek new seats beneath a distant sun.
 The busy husbandman has turn'd the soil 575
 With his bent ploughshare: hence his annual toil;
 His country, children profit by his pains;
 Hence he his herds and useful steers maintains.
 No pause he knows: or teems the bounteous year
 With fruits, or cattle, or the bearded ear: 580
 The plenteous produce loads the furrow'd land;
 The granaries burst: cold winter is at hand;
 The pounding press now Sicyon's berries feel;
 Glad to their sties the swine full acorn'd reel.
 The woods give arbutes; autumn-fruits abound, 585
 And mild grapes ripen on high sunny ground.
 Their fathers' neck the fondling train embrace:
 And Virtue's self protects the blameless race.

With dugs distended strutting kine are seen,
And the fat kids frisk butting on the green. 590
Stretch on the grafs himself on festal days,
As with crown'd goblets by the brightning blaze
His comrades stand, Lenæus ! calls on thee,
Pouring libation large, and hangs a tree
With prizes for the swains, the dart who fling, 595
And bares the wrestlers for the rustic ring.

Such was the life th' Etrurians, Sabines led ;
Thus Remus and his Brother once were bred ;
Rome by these arts the world's great wonder rose,
Proud her sev'n hills with ramparts to enclose ; 600
And ere Dictæan Jove commenc'd his reign,
Ere impious mortals heap'd with oxen slain
The genial board, a life of rural ease
In golden days ev'n Saturn's self could please :
No brazen trump had learn'd men's ears to wound,
Nor swords on anvils sent a clatt'ring sound. 606

But such a vast career some respite needs,
And the time calls to loose the steaming steeds.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
GEORGICS.

B O O K

III.

YOU, mighty Pales ! and Amphrygian Swain,
Worthy of mem'ry ! now invite my strain ;
Ye woods too of Lycæus, and ye streams !
Grateful to vacant minds all other themes
Are hackney'd quite : of harsh Eurystheus' hate 5
Who has not heard ? the stripling Hylas' fate ?
Who knows not the disprais'd Bufiris' deeds,
Latonian Delos' tale, and him, in steeds
Unrivall'd, whom Hippodame could charm,
Pelops, illustrious for his ivory arm ? 10
I too from earth to lift myself will try,
And on the wings of Fame adventurous fly :
Yes,

Yes, first of Romans, should long life be mine,
 From their Aonian mount I'll lead the Nine,
 Returning home, and, Mantua! first to thee 15
 Triumphant bear the palm of victory.

Yet more; of marble I'll erect a fane
 Close by the water on the grassy plain,
 Where the vast Mincius in meanders lost
 Creeps slow, and shades with rustling reeds the coast.

In the mid temple CÆSAR shall preside, 21

God of the dome: myself, in purple pride,
 Victor, to him will whirl along the strand
 An hundred cars: all Greece at my command
 Molorchus' groves and Alpheus shall forsake, 25
 And of the race and cestus here partake.

With the cleft olive's twine my temples bound,
 I'll bring the prizes to the lifted ground:

Ev'n now transported to the shrine I lead
 The solemn pomps, and see the victims bleed, 30

See a new front the shifting scene unfold,
 And pictur'd Britons the rich veils uphold.

With gold and ivory where the portals shine,
 Of Ganges' sons the battle I'll design,

And of Quirinus the victorious arms: 35

Here too Nile, foamy with wars dire alarms,

Rolling

Rolling with ample sweep, shall strike the eyes,
 And of the naval brags tall columns rise ;
 With these Niphates routed be exprest,
 And all the vanquish'd cities of the East; 40
 The Parthians, confident in flight, who pour
 On their pursuers a sharp arrowy show'r ;
 From two Foes trophies wrested with his hand,
 And nations twice subdu'd from either strand :
 And breathing statues, Parian stones, the race 45
 Of great Assaracus, shall gild the place,
 Heroes, from heav'n's high King who fetch their line,
 Tros, and of Troy the Architect divine.
 Envy accurst Cocytus' pool severe,
 And the fell rage of tort'ring fiends shall fear, 50
 The stone's unconquer'd toil, and dread to feel
 Ixion's twisted snakes, and whirling wheel.
 Meanwhile, MÆCENAS ! let us (for you lay
 No light injunctions) urge o'er lawns our way,
 Pierce the deep Dryad-haunts, untouch'd before : 55
 In vain, by thee unaided, would I soar :
 Rise then, my friend ! Cithæron calls us ; rise !
 Taygetus' fleet beagles rend the skies ;
 Tamer of horses Argos joins the found ;
 The mingled roar assenting woods rebound. 60

Smit with th' Olympic palm who courfers feeds,
 Or sturdy bullocks for the ploughshare breeds,
 Muft mark the mothers ; and firft choofe a cow,
 That fpreads a brawny-neck, of torvous brow,
 Of head uncouth, and from whose chin he fees 65
 Loose dangling dewlaps trembling at her knees :
 Then her fide long and large ; all vaft of fize :
 Her foot too, and her ears, that briftly rife :
 Nor one with white fots dappled would I fcorn,
 Shy of the yoke, and churlifh with her horn ; 70
 A bull in face, that lofty in her gait
 Trails on the ground her tail in fweepy ftate.
 Lucina and the nuptial rites they fhun,
 Till his fourth annual progrefs Sol has run ;
 The ninth year ends their pains ; the reft allow 75
 Nor plight nor ftrength for breeding, or the plough.
 Indulge the males with liberty betime,
 While your herds frolick in youth's wanton prime :
 Soon give the cattle love's delights to try,
 The finking race attentive to fupply 80
 With a perpetual flock : life's better day
 From all of mortal birth firft flits away,

Difeafe

VER. 61.] The juft fufpicions raifed by Mr. HURD concerning the three concluding lines of the Introduction have induced the TRANSLATOR to pafs them over in filence. See note on ver. 16. of Hor. Epit. to Aug.

Disease succeeds, and sad-repining Age,
 Pain, and of rav'ning Death the ruthless rage.
 Some to displace you'll never fail to find ; 85
 Then still be watchful to recruit the kind ;
 And not to feel your fault in time of need,
 Prevent your losses by an annual breed.

Nor in the choice of horses less appears
 The skilful task : chief from their tend'rest years 90
 Let those engage your pains, on whom you place
 The pride and promise of the future race.
 Of gen'rous Sire the colt with graceful gait
 Shifts his light legs, and treads with step elate ;
 The first to lead, the river's roar essay, 95
 And o'er the bridge untry'd to tempt his way ;
 Nor heeds he vain alarms : of sharp short head,
 Lofty his neck, his back of sinewy spread ;
 His paunch contracted ; his bold breast displays
 Luxuriant swells in many a fleshy maze. 100
 Good steeds a bright bay boast, and blueish gray ;
 A white and dun the very worst betray.
 If from afar the clang of arms he hears,
 Restless he starts, erects his quivering ears ;
 Tremble his limbs ; beneath his nostrils wide 105
 Collected circles a pent fiery tide :

On his right shoulder floating loose reclines
 His bushy mane : along his loins two spines
 Extend to view ; his deep hoof scoops the ground,
 And the hard horn sends forth an heavy sound. 110
 Such Cyllarus, reluctant to the rein,
 By Pollux broken ; and, in Grecian strain
 Fam'd, the fierce coursers of the God of war :
 And such the steeds, that whirl'd Achilles' car ;
 Thus look'd great Saturn's self on Pelion's height,
 When at his wife's approach he sped his flight ;
 Down the God's neck a mane devolving hung,
 And with shrill neighings all the region rung.

Worn with long years, or by disease deprest,
 Keep him from fight, and let his age find rest: 120
 Cold to love's joys he drags a dull delight ;
 And should he venture on the amorous fight,
 The frigid stallion, like a stubble fire,
 Gives a short flash of impotent desire.
 Chief then their age and vigour mark with care, 125
 And let their other gifts your notice share,
 And parent-stock ; how victor in the race
 Each feels the praise, how vanquish'd the disgrace.
 Seest thou ? when from the goal the chariots pour,
 And in the rapid strife the plain devour ; 130
 Their

Fond hopes of glory flush the youthful train ;
Their hearts leap high ; fear beats in ev'ry vein ;
Prone o'er their steeds the twisted lash they ply,
Give all the rein ; the glowing axles fly :
Now low on earth, now lifted from the ground 135
Aloft they spring, and seem thro' air to bound ;
Rise the red sands in clouds ; no stop, no stay ;
Close-press'd the leaders of the dusty way
Steam with their followers' foam : so fierce a flame
Prompts them to conquest ; such the lust of fame. 140

First Erichthonius to the chariot broke,
And boldly join'd four horses to the yoke,
O'er all the racers victor in his speed :
The Lapithæ next rein'd, and back'd the steed ;
Taught him to wheel, in stately march to round 145
The circling paw, and proudly spurn the ground.
Arduous each labour ; both alike require
A youth of eager pace, and full of fire :
Else it imports but little, tho' in fight
He oft has forc'd th' opponent hosts to flight, 150
Epirus or Mycenæ tho' he boast,
And ev'n in Neptune's self his line be lost.

Observant Riders to these rules attend ;
And in fit season with firm fat distend

Him, of the herd, whom leader they ordain, 155
 The titled husband of the softer train.
 For him the juiciest grafs they cut with care ;
 Fresh water minister, and corn prepare,
 Left his strength languish in the lax embrace,
 And the frail offspring speak the fire's disgrace. 160
 The females, when lust prompts them first to taste
 The well-known bliss, with abstinence they waste,
 Refuse them fodder, drive from springs by force,
 Oft shake, and tire them in the midday course,
 When the floor groans beneath the thresher's flail,
 And light chaff flits before the rising gale : 166
 With this intent, lest luxury should spoil
 The fatt'ning furrows of the genial soil ;
 But that with thirsty fervours it may feel
 The joy, and in it's last recess conceal. 170

The time approaches, when, once more the fire
 Forgot, the mothers all thy care require ;
 Some months past o'er, as big they roam the plain,
 Beware to yoke them to the weighty wain,
 O'er the broad path permit them not to leap, 175
 Float in the flood, or o'er the meadows sweep :
 Let them in op'ning glades near streams be seen,
 Where moss and herbage clothe the banks with green,
 Where

Where coolly caves afford a shelt'ring feat,
 And rocks o'er-arching screen them from the heat.
 Near shady Silarus, and Alburnus, crown'd 181
 With verdant holm-oaks, many a fly is found,
 Afilus call'd; so known to Roman fame;
 The Greeks to Oestros have now chang'd the name:
 Whizzing he stings; the cattle with affright 185
 Forth from the forests rush with rapid flight;
 Repeated bellowings rend the madding sky;
 Tanager's thirsty shores, and all the woods reply.

With this did Juno, studious to torment
 Th' Inachian heifer, her fell fury vent. 190
 Drive too this monster from the pregnant herd,
 And (for in noon-day heats he most is fear'd)
 Feed them, when eastern skies first blush with light,
 Or when the twinkling stars lead the cool night.

On the new-born your care you next must place:
 With fearing irons note their sorts, and race; 196
 Whom you select to propagate the breed,
 Whom at the altars you reserve to bleed,
 Or whom you purpose at the share to toil,
 And into broken clods cleave the rough foil. 200
 Calves, that to rural tasks you mean to train,
 (The rest unheeded crop the verdant plain)

Instruct betime, and manage, while with ease
Youth's pliant temper takes what forms you please.
First on their necks loose osier-hoops suspend; 205
Next, taught by use to servitude to bend,
Bullocks well coupled, by the collars ty'd,
Join, and compel them to pace side by side.
With the void orb oft let them make essay,
And with light footsteps print the dusty way: 210
Last let the axle groan beneath the load,
And the pole drag the wheels along the road.
Meanwhile a stronger food your wild steers need
Than the green herbage, or the wat'ry weed,
Or willow browse: for them the bearded grain 215
Crop with your hand, and give the young to drain
Their dams' swell'd teats, nor, as in days of yore,
In full pails empty all their milky store.

But if to martial troops your genius guide,
Or with swift wheels by Alpheus' stream to glide, 220
And in th' Olympic grove to whirl the car,
Inure your steed to arms, and din of war;
Teach him unmov'd the rustling reins to hear,
The trump, and wheel rough-rattling in his car,
Touch'd with his master's blandishments to stand,
And court the plausive strokings of his hand. 226

Of

Of these an early trial must he make,
 When first his dam you force him to forsake ;
 Let him to soft thongs yield his mouth, of years
 While raw, yet weak, yet trembling, full of fears. 230
 Three summers past, and now the fourth begun,
 Strait let him learn the mazy round to run,
 In measur'd march sonorous bound, in state
 Shift his quick-glancing legs, and labour in his gait ;
 Then brave the winds in swiftneis, o'er the plain
 Urge his free flight, unconscious of the rein, 236
 His light hoof leaving scarce a print behind :
 So pours from Scythian coasts the dense North-wind ;
 Scatter'd in air clouds, storms, before him fly ;
 The floating fields, and tall crops waving high 240
 Roughen ; the forests ruffle ; with long sweep
 Press to the shore the billows of the deep ;
 O'er land, o'er seas, he drives with winged speed :
 Form'd for the ring of Elis such a steed
 Churning red foam will panting grace the goal, 245
 Or with soft neck the Belgic chariots roll.
 Now is the time, when, tam'd with proper care,
 Your colts may riot in abundant fare ;
 Pamper'd too soon they rise in rage, unfit
 To bear the scourge, and heed the galling bit. 250

But whether bulls or horses ask your pains,
 No industry their vigour more maintains,
 Than to avert the stings of madd'ning love :
 Hence bulls to lonely pastures they remove,
 Screen'd by some mountain's interposing side, 255
 O'er rivers broad ; or close in stables hide.
 They pine, they burn, the female in their fight ;
 No thoughts of grove or herbage now delight :
 Oft by sweet blandishments and coy delay
 She stirs the haughty rivals to the fray : 260
 The beauteous heifer browses in the wood :
 For her, their limbs besmear'd with black'ning blood,
 With mighty force the combatants engage,
 And wounds on wounds are dealt with mutual rage ;
 Each at his rival drives with thund'ring sound 265
 His horns ; the bellow woods and skies rebound.
 The conflict o'er, that instant part the foes ;
 Far to some unknown coast the vanquish'd goes,
 A banish'd vagrant, his disgrace deplores,
 And, the proud victor's gift, his smarting sores ; 270
 Nor moaning less his unreveng'd lost loves,
 With look retorted on the stalls, removes
 From his paternal realms : with ceaseless care
 His strength he tries by practice to repair,

And,

Book III. OF VIRGIL. 71

And, with rough leaves and prickly rushes fed, 275

Reposes nightly on a flinty bed ;

Oft makes essay, and, butting at some bole,

Vents on his horns the anguish of his soul,

Wastes on the empty winds his random might,

And paws the sands, precluding to the fight. 280

His pow'rs recruited, he now hastes to go,

And headlong springs on his forgetful foe.

As when a billow, whitening by degrees,

Heaves up his swelling bosom from the seas,

Rolls to the land o'er rocks with hideous roar, 285

And like a mountain dashes on the shore ;

Whirl'd round the water at the bottom glows,

And a black gravel to the surface throws.

Nor they alone : but beasts that haunt the woods,

The painted birds, the people of the floods, 290

Cattle, and men, to frenzy and to flame

Start wild : Love's empire is in all the same.

The lioness, regardless of her young,

Ne'er roam'd the plain with fiercer fury stung ;

Nor bears deform so many deaths spread round, 295

And with such carnage strow'd the forest-ground.

'Then most the boar, then most the tiger dread :

How dan'grous then the Libyan wastes to tread !

Seest thou the horse? his frame what tremblings seize,
If the known scent come wafted by the breeze! 300
His rage nor bits, nor tort'ring whips, restrain;
Rocks interpose, and caverns yawn in vain;
Nor rivers, whirling mountains in their course,
Check, as they roll between, his frantic force.
Ev'n the Sabellian boar with grunting sound 305
Forth rushes, whets his fangs, and thumps the ground,
Rubs 'gainst a knotty tree each bristly side,
And hardens for th' approaching fight his hide.
What does the youth, who feeds in ev'ry vein 309
Love's scorching fires? all night the troubled main
Darkling he swims; from heav'n's gate thunders roll,
Seas dash'd on rocks his rash attempt control:
Not ev'n his wretched parents can dissuade,
Nor, to a sad death doom'd, the desp'rate maid.
How then are Bacchus' speckled beasts inclin'd, 315
Ounces? and dogs, and the keen wolfish kind?
Stags too, a timorous tribe, what wars they wage?
But above all of mares exceeds the rage;
So Venus will'd, when with jaws red with gore
The Potnian team the limbs of Glaucus tore. 320
Not mountains, rivers, stop their lustful flight,
Ascanius' roar, nor Garg'rus' airy height.

Soon

Soon as in spring they feel the gliding flame,
 (In spring a warmth new-thrills thro' all the frame)
 Facing the west on some steep's pendent brow 325
 They stand, and catch the breezes, as they blow :
 Oft, without rites of Hymen, strange to say !
 By Zephyr pregnant, wing their rapid way
 O'er rocks, o'er craggy cliffs, and deep low dales,
 Not to Sol's rising, nor bleak Eurus' gales, 330
 Caurus, or Boreas, or whence southwinds rise,
 And with chill vapours sadden all the skies.
 At length a clammy juice is seen to fall,
 Which swains Hippomanes correctly call ; 334
 By stepdames gathered oft, when, fell of soul, [bowl.
 With charms and temper'd drugs they've mixt the
 But, while love's copious themes our course delay,
 Time flits, irrevocably flits away.

For herds let this suffice: the woolly train,
 And the rough race of goats, demand the strain : 340
 Labour not light : hence, emulous of fame,
 Rise ye, of husbandmen who boast the name !
 Hard task! to conquer these low themes by art,
 Or grace and grandeur by mere words impart :
 But pleasing passion all my soul incites, 345
 Rapt to Parnassus' unfrequented heights :

Yes ;

Yes; to the proud retreats with joy I go,
 There, where descending to the spring below
 No poet's tread e'er mark'd the winding way :
 Now, Pales! I must lift a loftier lay. 350

First let your sheep, till Spring returning spread
 His verdant favours, in warm folds be fed :
 And, lest the cold the tender flocks molest,
 And scurfy scab, and loathsome corns infest,
 Let straw with lavish hand be strown around, 355
 And with fern cover all the flinty ground.

The shaggy goats (from sheep to shift the theme)
 Ask but green arbutes and the running stream.
 Fronting the wintry sun let their cotes lie,
 From winds, and open to the southern sky, 360

When at the closing year the wat'ry Sign
 With drizzling urn now hastens to decline.
 Nor with less diligence your goats regard,
 Nor deem your pains will meet a less reward,
 Tho' proud Miletus costly fleeces vend, 365
 Rich with the crimson, Tyrian juices lend.

Their breed more numerous ; hence their milky store
 Abundant swells ; their udders eas'd, the more
 Their frothy brims the teemful vessels show,
 From their prest teats a gladder stream will flow. 370

A shaggy vest nor vainly do they bear,
Nor boast their chins an uselefs length of hair ;
With their shorn bristles camps are oft supply'd,
And sailors find a raiment in their hide.
On brakes and bushes of the mountain ground 375
Browsing, thro' thickets and on hills they bound.
Returning with their kids the female train
Lift o'er the threshold their big dugs with pain.
The less your aid they call, do you with care
Screen them the more from cold and frosty air, 380
Food, and fresh twigs attentive to provide ;
Nor all the wintry months your fodder hide.

Soon as the Zephyrs the glad summer lead,
In lawns and pastures give both kinds to feed.
When first bright Lucifer salutes the view, 385
Crop the cool herbage, while the morn is new,
While the grafs whitens, and the dew is seen,
Grateful to flocks, bespangling all the green.
When the fourth hour a parching thirst shall bring,
And with shrill music all the copies sing, 390
To wells or pools be all your cattle sent
In troughs to drink the limpid element ;
But let them, panting in the midday heat,
Seek in some darksome dell a safe retreat,

Where-

Where'er of ancient growth Jove's tree is found, 395
 Stretching with ample sweep his arms around,
 Or blackest grove of thick'ning holm-oaks made
 Frowns with the horrors of a sacred shade.

Soon as the Sun sinks downward in the main,
 Give them sweet water, and fresh food again, 400
 What time cool Hesperus thro' temper'd skies
 Gleams, and the Moon refreshing dews supplies,
 On vocal brambles linnets tune their throats,
 And the shores echo with the halcyons' notes.

Why sing of Libyan pastures, Libyan swains, 405
 And huts wide-straggling in thin-peopled plains?
 Oft day and night, a whole long month, flocks stray
 Grazing, unstay'd, a dreary length of way;
 Prospect immense! his all their Afric guide
 Carries; his dog, his quiver by his side, 410
 His house, his weapons, and domestic God:
 As when, lab'ring beneath a cumbrous load,
 March the keen Romans arm'd; their tents they rear,
 And unawares before the foe appear.

Not so the race, who dwell in Scythian lands, 415
 Where creeps Mæotis' wave, o'er yellow sands
 Where foamy Ister's turbid torrents roll,
 And, stretcht in length beneath the middle pole,

Proud

Proud Rhodope returns; the prudent hind
 There keeps the cattle in close stalls confin'd: 420
 The fields no grafs, the trees no foliage boast;
 Deep-hid in hills of snow, and bound in frost,
 Earth joyless lies; eternal Winter there
 Reigns, and northwinds for ever chill the air.
 Nor the pale gloom does Sol with golden ray 425
 Dispel, or when he climbs th' ethereal way
 Rapt by his steeds, or when in western waves
 Glift'ring with red his headlong Car he laves.
 On running rivers sudden crufts congeal;
 The water's top sustains the griding wheel; 430
 Where the broad veffels fail'd, now waggons pass;
 This is the time, when oft burst bowls of brass:
 The furry vestures, their pinch'd limbs receive,
 Stiffen: with steel the fluent wine they cleave.
 The lakes one shining sheet of ice extend; 435
 From uncomb'd beards rough icicles depend:
 Perpetual snows fall fleecy on the land;
 The cattle die: with rime thick-cover'd stand
 Large steers; beneath new loads the close-wedg'd deer
 Torpid with tips of antlers just appear. 440
 No toils infnare them, and no dogs pursue;
 Nor crimson feathers, fluttering in their view,

Stir

Stir them with fears ; by some near hand they're slain,
 Pushing against th' opposing pile in vain,
 And braying sad : the crew with clamorous cries 445
 Glad to their home convey the prostrate prize.

In subterranean caves the Natives, freed
 From all alarms, a life of leisure lead ;
 Oaks, and whole elms, roll'd on the hearth, they raise
 In heaps, and set the fuel in a blaze, 450
 And, while the night to pleasure they consign,
 With harm and acid berries mimic wine.

Such are the men, unconscious of control,
 Who freeze beneath the Hyperborean pole,
 Beat by Riphæan winds, and wrapt in veils, 455
 Tawny and rough, the spoils of shaggy beasts.

If wool engage you, shun the prickly wood,
 Caltrops and burs, and fly a joyous food :
 With soft white fleeces choose your bleating care ;
 But, should the master-ram be e'er so fair, 460
 In his moist mouth if a black tongue be seen,
 Instant reject him, and from all the green
 Search out another, lest the first deface
 With dusk the whiteness of the future race.

'Twas thus, if tales may safely be believ'd, 465
 Arcadian Pan, thee, Luna ! once deceiv'd,

Lur'd

Lur'd by wool's snowy softness; from the plain
 To the thick grove he call'd, nor call'd in vain.
 But milk who covets, Cytifus must bring;
 And in their cribs salt herbs and lotus fling: 470
 Hence thirst for water, hence their dugs distend;
 And to their milk a briny taste they lend.
 Some from the dams withdraw grown kids, and fix
 Close to their noses thongs set round with pricks.
 What they at morn have milk'd, and what by day,
 All night is prest; what at Sol's setting ray, 476
 And dusk of eve, is carry'd by the clown
 At early dawn in vessels to the town,
 Or sparingly with salt is sprinkled o'er,
 And for the wintry season kept in store. 480

Nor dogs despise; but with whey's richness feed
 Swift Spartan whelps, and fierce Molossian breed:
 Guarded by these your fold no wolves affright,
 Th' insidious Spaniard, nor the thief by night.
 To rouse wild asses with your dogs you'll go, 485
 Trace the fleet hare, and urge the timid doe:
 Oft with your hounds' loud howlings will you chace,
 Driv'n from their dirty dens, the tusky race;
 Or o'er steep mountains with tumultuous cries
 Prest to the toils some stag of mighty size. 490

Perfume your stalls with cedar, and repel
 With odorous gums the snake of noisome smell :
 Oft, dire of touch, beneath foul cribs, from sight
 The viper sculks, and shudd'ring shuns the light ;
 Or, pest of kine, the serpent on the ground 495
 Squats, on the watch to fix the venom'd wound,
 Sure friend to gloom of shelter and of shade :
 Now, now, ye swains ! with stones, with clubs invade
 The monster, stiff'ning to an horrid spire
 His swelling neck, and with collected ire 500
 Hissing dire threats : lo ! now to earth he bends
 His crest, and, in the middle main'd, extends
 A length of loosen'd folds, and scarce with pain
 Drags the last volumes of his ling'ring train.
 A snake too in Calabria's woody vales 505
 Lifts his proud breast, and writhes his glist'ring scales ;
 His parts beneath with large spots speckled glow :
 He, while from springs the bursting rivers flow,
 While vernal dews, and Austral show'rs abound,
 Couches in rusby banks, or marshy ground, 510
 With ravening rage makes croaking frogs his food,
 Or of the finny natives sweeps the flood.
 When the pool parches beneath sultry skies,
 And scorcht earth gapes, he rolls his reddening eyes,
 Leaps

Leaps on dry land, by thirst, and heat impel'd, 515

And chafes, and burns, and maddens round the field.

May I ne'er then by waving wood be seen,

Lolling at ease, or slumb'ring on the green,

What time, his old slough cast, he shines again

In glossy youth, and glides along the plain, 520

And, leaving in his den his eggs or young,

Rears to the Sun his crest, and darts his forky tongue.

Hear, by what signs diseases are foretold,

And whence they rise: the scab infests the fold,

When the soak'd pores have long imbib'd chill show'rs,

And felt of brumal frosts the piercing pow'rs; 526

Or unregarded sweat to hides fresh-shorn

Has stuck, and prickly briars the skin have torn.

For this in cleansing streams the Masters lave

Their fleecy flocks: plung'd in the flashing wave 530

The ram along the current of the tide

Floats with wet curls: for this their new clipt-hide

Cautious they smear with oil's astringent lees,

Temper'd with living sulphur; and to these

Add litharge, unctuous wax, black tar, and squil, 535

Rank hellebore, and pitch from Ida's hill.

But with such instant ease no cure is crown'd,

As if with steel the fore's ripe top you wound:

F

While

While from the peccant part the swains forbear
 Their healing hands, and piously by pray'r 540
 Seek succour of the Gods, neglected thrives
 The lurking taint, and by concealment lives.
 But on the bones when pangs deep-gliding prey,
 And feverish fervours waste the strength away,
 It oft avail'd to sooth the burning pain, 545
 And lance between the hoof the bounding vein:
 A remedy the Thracian Borderers prize,
 And fierce Gelonian Rover, when he flies
 To mountains, dreary desarts, and with blood
 Of horses thicken'd swills the milky flood. 550
 Far from her fleecy fellows should a sheep
 To shady shelter oft be seen to creep,
 Languidly listless the green herbage taste,
 Nibbling the tops, or loitering lag the last,
 Feeding sink on the plain, and at late eve 555
 With solitary step the pasture leave;
 Check with your knife the threat'nings of the pest,
 Ere the dire venom seize th' unwary rest.
 Less frequent far, black harbinger of storms,
 The rushing whirlwind the next main deforms, 560
 Than Plagues unnumber'd on the cattle prey:
 Nor single bodies do they snatch away,

But

But folds entire with ruthless rage embrace,
 The young, and old, and root out all the race.
 This the proud Alps still witness to the fight, 565
 And Noric castles on the hilly height,
 Timavus' meads, wide desolated plains,
 And realms ev'n yet forsaken by their swains.
 Here from sick air a Plague once took her birth,
 And thro' Autumnal heats wax'd hot on earth, 570
 On cattle, beasts of prey destruction spread,
 And on the lakes and herb her poison shed.
 Death strange and new! when, circling thro' the heart,
 The scorching thirst had shrivel'd ev'ry part,
 Ooz'd a lean liquor, that by slow degrees 575
 Melted the bones, half-putrid with disease.
 Oft in the middle of the rites divine,
 As at the altar with the snowy twine
 The Priests prepare the fillet to surround,
 The victim, agonizing, to the ground 580
 Drops; or before the shrine if timely led
 By holy hands the sacrifice had bled,
 No flames aspiring from the fibres rise,
 Nor can the Seer consulted give replies;
 The slaught'ring steel with blood is faintly stain'd, 585
 And a thin ichor clouds the topmost sand.

Hence in glad pastures calves oft meet their death,
 And at the teeming manger yield their breath.
 Domestic dogs to madness hence incline; 589
 Short wheezing coughs torment the sickening swine,
 Gasping thro' straiten'd throats: the victor steed,
 Lost to his former fame, forgets to feed,
 Loaths the clear springs, with wild hoof beats the
 His ears fall; starting there by fits is found [ground;
 A sweat, of clammy coldness when they die: 595
 His rough skin to the touch feels hard and dry.
 Such are the symptoms of the pest's first stage;
 But when progressive it begins to rage,
 Then their eyes redden with a fiery glare,
 With many a far-fetcht groan they pant for air; 600
 Their low flanks, labouring with distending throes,
 Heave; from their nostrils black blood dribbling goes;
 To their stult jaws their parcht tongue clings: 'twas
 thought
 Of use to drench them with wine's generous draught;
 The sole assistance desp'rate Art could lend; 605
 But this, ev'n this, prov'd fatal in the end:
 With flames renew'd they burn'd, and (gracious
 Heav'n!
 May to the good a better mind be giv'n!)

Frantic

Frantic and fell, ere life's last pow'rs were spent,
With their bar'd teeth their mangled members rent.
The steaming steer, as at the plough he strains, 611
Sinks, and the ground with gory foam distains,
And sends his last deep sighs : the Rustic strait
The bullock, pensive for his fellow's fate,
Unyoking, quits the place, oppress'd with care, 615
And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
No more in velvet meads a charm he finds,
Or grove's green umbrage, or the stream, that winds
O'er rocks, fast-trickling to the plain, more clear
Than amber : flaccid, lo ! his flanks appear ; 620
Stiff in their sockets stare his beamless balls,
Drooping to earth his nerveless neck low falls.
Say, to what end their services, their toil ?
Avails it, that they've turn'd the stubborn soil ?
No wines, no rich repasts e'er fir'd their blood ; 625
Their drink, clear springs, and self-refining flood ;
Leaves and green herbage are their simple fare,
And their sound sleeps unbroken by a care.
Then, and then only, in these regions, kine
Fail'd for the use of Juno's rites divine, 630
And buffaloes ill-pair'd, as Fame has told,
To the tall fanes the sacred chariots roll'd.

Hence men with harrows cleave the clods with pain,
 And with their nails scratch furrows for the grain,
 And, stretching at the yoke, with creaking found 635
 Drag loaden wains up the steep hilly ground.
 No wolves now nightly take their wily way,
 Prowl round the folds, and meditate their prey,
 Their bosoms labouring with cares more severe :
 'Mong men and dogs fly stags, and fearful deer 640
 Now roam familiar : on the shore's edge cast
 The various natives of the wat'ry waste,
 Wash'd by the wave, like ship-wreckt bodies, lie ;
 And, strange to sight ! in rivers Phocæ fly :
 With scales erect maz'd adders yield their breath ; 645
 Nor can her den the viper screen from death :
 Not their own element the birds can bear ;
 Headlong they fall, and leave their lives in air.
 Yet more ; a change of pasture gives no ease ;
 Succour implor'd but hastens the disease : 650
 Nor art, nor art's Professors ought avail'd ;
 Chiron himself, and great Melampus fail'd.
 Commission'd from the shades of Stygian night
 Springs pale Tisiphone to realms of light ;
 Terror and Plagues precede : high and more high
 Her head insatiate shoots into the sky. 656

The

The brooks, dry banks, and sloping hills around
With bleating flocks and lowing herds resound.
Now on whole ranks her fiercer fury falls ;
Herself with putrid bodies piles the stalls, 660
Till on the foul dissolving mafs they heap
Mould, and in trenches learn to bury deep.
Useless their hides; their morbid entrails brave
Alike the purging fire, and cleansing wave.
Nor dare they the polluted fleeces shear, 665
Or touch the tainted web without a fear :
But whofo once essay'd the loathsome veft,
Saw burning blisters all his limbs infect,
Rank with moist dew; nor long the Pest delay'd,
But on the shrivel'd joints devouring prey'd. 670

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
GEORGICS.

B O O K

IV.

HONEY, the gift of heav'n, aerial dew,
I Sing; MÆCENAS ! deign this part to view :
Replete with wonder trivial things I'll trace ;
The dauntless leaders, manners of a race,
The studies, people, battles, I'll relate : 5
Slight is the subject, but the glory great ;
If adverse Deities my labour spare,
And with his aid Apollo crown my pray'r.
First for your bees a feat and station find,
On every side impervious to the wind, 10
Else sweets will load their little thighs in vain :
Nor let the wanton kids, and wooly train,
Frisk

Frisk on the flow'rs, or roving heifer bruise
 The springing herbs, and brush away the dews.
 The merops and the speckled lizard drive 15
 With back all-scaly from the luscious hive,
 The plummy kind, and Procne, on her breast
 That bears the marks of bloody hands impress :
 Wide all around they waste, and ravening seize,
 To their keen young delicious food, the bees. 20
 But near be mossy pools, and clear founts seen ;
 May rills swift-trickling sparkle thro' the green ;
 A palm, or olive spread his branchy arms
 O'er their hive's portal ; that, when first the swarms,
 Led by new Kings, enjoy the sunny hour, 25
 And from their chambers the youth playful pour,
 The bank may tempt them with a cool retreat,
 And the tree's shade afford a sheltering seat.
 In the mid water (if it stand, or flow)
 Stones of large size, and transverse willows throw, 30
 To serve as bridges, where the bees may land,
 And to the solar gleam their wings expand,
 Should some late loit'ers rue bleak Eurus' blast,
 Scatter'd, or whelm'd beneath the watry waste.
 Let verdant Casia near the spot abound, 35
 And strong Scryllium fling rich odours round,

Thymbra

Thymbra with rank perfume the region fill,
 And beds of violets drink the limpid rill.

Whether your hives be form'd of cork-tree rind
 Hollow'd and few'd, or pliant twigs intwin'd, 40
 Contract their mouths ; defence from colds and heats,
 For these dissolve, and those congeal the sweets ;
 Alike both dreaded by the buzzing train :
 Nor deem, they toil with ductile wax in vain
 To close each chasm, or vacant of design 45
 With flow'r and fucus all the borders line :
 Hence are their hives with hoards of glue supply'd,
 Clammier than birdlime, or than pitch of Ide.
 Oft scoop in earth, (if true, what Rumour tells)
 They've rear'd their families in latent cells ; 50
 Clust'ring in concave pumices have crept,
 And in a tree's worn trunk their station kept.
 But of their hives do you each chinky pore
 Smear with smooth clay, and strow thin foliage o'er :
 Too near their dwelling let not yew-trees stand, 55
 Nor burn red crabs, nor trust to fenny land,
 Or where slime steams, or from some cavern'd rock
 The voice reverberates with thundring shock..

Yet more ; when Phœbus to the shades of night
 Winter has chac'd, and with spring's opening light 60

All Ether brighten'd, issuing from their home
 Strait with wild wing to woods and lawns they roam ;
 O'er purple flow'rets hang the pilf'ring throng,
 And sip the runnels, as they sweep along.

Hence, thrilling with fine feelings, they impart 65
 Food to their young: hence mould new wax with art,
 And to a mass tenacious form the sweets.

Observe, when, swarming from their secret seats,
 Floating in liquid air thick hosts you find,
 A murky cloud flow-moving with the wind, 70
 Still to soft waters and the leafy bow'r

They tend; here shed an aromatic show'r,
 Bruis'd baum and vulgar honey-wort let fall,
 And from the beaten cymbals tinklings call:
 Lur'd by the scents they soon will settle there, 75
 And, as they use, to their close cells repair.

But should they march to fight, (with loud alarms
 For Discord rouses oft two Chiefs to arms)
 Long, ere they move, the mob their minds betray,
 Their hearts thick-throbbing for the promis'd fray:
 Quick'ning the flow a brazen din runs round, 81
 And a voice mimics the trump's broken sound.

Hurrying they throng, fast-giance their glist'ring wings,
 And with their beaks new-edge their pointed stings,

Fit

Fit their light claws, in crouds their King enclose, 85

Circling his tent, and call aloud their foes.

Soon as the clear and cloudless skies invite,

Forth from the gates they rush, they mix in fight :

Air rustles wide ; in one vast orb they're seen 89

Condens'd ; their tumbling bodies strow the green :

Not thicker falls the rattling hail ; nor pours

From the shook oak the mast in equal show'rs.

Thro' the mid armies with conspicuous wings

Flash, great of soul, tho' small of size, the Kings ;

Resolv'd the fortune of the day to try, 95

Till the strong victor force the weak to fly.

Toss up a little dust, the tumults cease ;

And all the fierce contention sinks to peace.

Soon as the Chiefs shall from the field retire,

Let the worse fall a victim to your ire, 100

A worthless waster, and the public bane ;

Alone, unrival'd, let the better reign.

With gold all-speckled, of majestic mien,

And glossy scales, superior this is seen ;

That foul with sloth, inglorious thro' the throng 105

Drags languidly his bloated bulk along.

Nor less the subjects of two sorts appear :

Some rough and filthy, like a Traveller,

Who

Who, from a fandy foil escap'd, by fits
 From his parcht mouth the gritty gravel spits: 110
 Others with golden splendors lucid glow,
 And, as they glance, with equal spangles show
 Their skins bedropt: this breed prefer; from these
 In season due sweet honey you shall squeeze;
 Yet not so sweet, as flowing free and fine, 115
 Of pow'r to tame the taste austere of wine.

But when, their treasures flighted, they repair
 From their cool cells to sport in fields of air,
 Soon will you check their play, if from the Kings,
 A task not difficult, you strip the wings; 120
 Not one will dare to fly, aw'd by their stay,
 Or snatch the standards from the tents away.
 Let gardens lure, where saffron flow'rs exhale
 Rich odours, wafted by the scented gale;
 And with his fithe Priapus guard the place, 125
 Watchful of thieves, and all the feather'd race.
 Their hives with thyme neglect not to surround,
 And pines, transplanted from the hilly ground;
 Nor blush to wear your callous hands with toil;
 Set thriving trees, and water well the soil. 130

Did I not purpose soon, my wand'rings o'er,
 To furl the sails, and turn the prow to shore,

Haply the care of gardens I would here
 Sing, and the rose-beds, bloomy twice a year,
 Of Pæstum; celery's green banks describe; 135
 How they and endive sparkling rills imbibe;
 How cucumbers, as with curl'd stem they go
 Crawling along the grafs, protuberant grow:
 Nor of late leaves Narciffus would paſs by,
 Nor thee, Acanthus! twining to the eye; 140
 Nor fhory myrtle; ivy, pale of hue:
 Yes; I remember, when before my view,
 Beneath Oebalia's tow'rs, where yellow meads
 With fatt'ning moiſture black Galeſus feeds,
 An old Corycian came, with little bleſt; 145
 Of land a few waſte acres he poſſeſt,
 A ſpot, that render'd the vine's culture vain,
 Unfit for flocks, nor arable for grain:
 Yet he ev'n here white lilies planting round,
 And potherbs ſcattering o'er the ſhrubby ground, 150
 With poppy, vervain, added to his ſtore,
 Deem'd that the wealth of Kings could give no more;
 And, late returning from his daily care,
 Heap'd high his homely board with unbought fare.
 In Spring he firſt the flow'r, in Autumn firſt 155
 He gather'd fruits; and, when ſtern Winter burſt

With cold the rifted rocks, and bound in frost
 The gliding flood, ev'n then no time he lost;
 But lopt th' Acanthus' foliage; nor would fail
 To chide late Spring, and the flow western gale. 160
 Hence in abundant swarms and teeming bees
 He first would glory; from prest combs would squeeze
 The frothy sweets: limes grac'd his scanty field,
 And numerous pines; nor Autumn ceas'd to yield
 Of fruitage to his wish as full a store, 165
 As his rich boughs in earliest blossom bore.
 Pear-trees, matur'd by age, he could dispose,
 And elms, of riper growth, in order'd rows,
 And thorns with plums then bending, and the plane,
 Of shade to shelter Bacchus' social train. 170
 But I forbear: confin'd in bounds too strait,
 I quit the theme for others to relate.

Now learn the genius of the buzzing kind,
 A gift and recompense by Jove assign'd,
 When of arm'd priests by tinkling cymbals led 175
 In the Diætæan den Heav'n's King they fed.
 With them all lies in common; they alone
 Of house and children property disown;
 By settled laws direct their lives, and know
 The joys a country and fixt seats bestow. 180

They

They for the winter toil, while summer reigns,
 And hoard for all the produce of their pains.
 By pact these watch for food, a busy crew,
 And range the circuit; those bark's viscous glue,
 Steept in Narcissus' tear, arrange at home, 185
 The first foundation of the future comb;
 This done, the ductile wax they next suspend:
 Hope of the state the rising youth part tend;
 Others the purest honey knead, and swell
 With juice nectareous each distended cell: 190
 Others by lot the portals guard, espy
 By turns the clouds and vapours of the sky,
 Or from the comers take the loads, or drive,
 In firm array embody'd, from the hive
 The lazy drone: the waxen labours glow; 195
 The breathing sweets around rich odours throw.
 As when in haste the black Cyclopean band
 Forge from the molten mass the forked brand;
 With bull-hide bellows these receive the blast,
 And forceful send it; those in water cast 200
 The metal hissing: Ætna gives a groan,
 As the vast anvils on her back are thrown:
 With mighty sway their arms in time they raise,
 And turn with tongs the red ore various ways.

Thus, to compare small things with great, of gain
 A love instinctive prompts the buzzing train, 206
 Each in his function : those of riper age
 To guard the towns, secure the combs engage,
 And plan the Dedal cells : fatigu'd with toil,
 At late eve laden with the fragrant spoil, 210
 The youth return : for food they range the field ;
 Try, what fat teils, what arbutes, Casia, yield ;
 To ruddy saffron, hoary willows, fly ;
 And suck the hyacinth of purple die.
 At the same instant all obey the hour 215
 Of rest and labour : from the gates they pour
 At morn ; no pause : and to their homes again,
 When Vesper warns them from the foodful plain,
 Haste, and reflection take ; an humming sound 219
 The throng'd hive's door and margin runs around :
 Crept to their cells silence all night they keep,
 And, their tir'd limbs reposing, sink to sleep.
 Nor will they far, a show'r impending, stray,
 Or, Eurus threat'ning, tempt th' ethereal way :
 Beneath their walls for water they repair, 225
 Short rambles try, and pebbles lift in air ;
 As tottering boats take sand to stem the tide : [guide.
 Thus poiz'd, thro' the void clouds their course they
 But

But chief you'll wonder, that they ne'er are led
 To the soft pleasures of the genial bed, 230
 Their strength unwasted by the lewd delight :
 Nor are their young by throes brought forth to light.
 From leaves and aromatic herbs the bees
 With busy beak the puny people seize :
 A King, and small Quirites they ordain ; 235
 Restore the palaces, and waxen reign.
 Oft, as they roam, their wings on flints they tear,
 And, self-devoted, breath their lives in air,
 Laden with sweets : of flow'rs so strong the rage,
 So full does glory all their souls engage. 240
 Yet, tho' their life be bounded by the space
 Of sev'n short summers, endless is the race ;
 The fortune of their house lasts firm thro' years,
 And a long line of fires on fires appears.
 Not Ægypt, nor the realms Hydaspes laves, 245
 Lydia of vast extent, nor Parthia's slaves
 Eye with such awe their King : while he remains
 Safe in their sight, a perfect union reigns ;
 Dead, all is anarchy : wild rage impels
 To spoil the stores, and rend the wattled cells. 250
 Director of their works rever'd he stands,
 Hem'd on all sides, the gaze of murmuring bands :

Born on their shoulders him in war they shield,
Court wounds, and perish bravely in the field.

Mov'd by these marks of genius some opine 255

That bees are gifted with a spark divine,

Shot from the Soul supreme : for God, they say,

Pervades land, ocean, and th' ethereal way :

Hence beasts, flocks, cattle, and the sons of Earth,

All draw the vital principle at birth. 260

Dissolv'd at length again all Beings roll

Back to their source : nor mortal is the soul,

But to her kindred Star each soaring flies,

Instinct with life, and mounts into the skies.

Presume not to unlock their proud retreats, 265

Nor tempt a passage to their treasur'd sweets,

Till from full mouth you spirt a stream, and drive

With waving hand smoke in the peopled hive.

Twice they compress the turgid combs, twice reap

The luscious stores ; or, when, spurning the Deep

With scornful foot, the Pleiades uprear 271

On earth their lovely looks ; or, struck with fear,

Receding from the drizzling finny Sign,

Sad in the wintry waters they decline.

Of bees provok'd dire is the wrath ; their dart 275

Distils a poison in the punctur'd part ;

Unseen

Unseen the mischief to the veins fast clings,
And their lives issue, where they leave their stings.

But if an harsher winter you preface,
And dread of future wants your thought engage, 280
Touch'd with their sinking state, and vigour spent,
Who would delay with thyme their hives to scent,
And the superfluous wax to pare away ?
For on the combs oft lurking lizards prey ;
The cells with beetles swarm ; the vacant drone 285
Feeds at his ease on dainties not his own :
The teasing tribe of moths has rais'd alarms,
Or wasp intruded with unequal arms,
Or last Arachne, curst with Pallas' hate,
Has hung with waving webs the darken'd gate. 290
Fear not to spoil them of their treasur'd store ;
With keener pains they'll labour to restore
Their wasted wealth ; the plunder'd combs with care
Fill, and from rifled flow'rs the rooms repair.

But should they languish with some dire disease ;
(For human ills are incident to bees ;) 296
By surest signs the sickness may be seen ;
The colour chang'd, the visage lank and lean :
Forth from the cells are born th' infectious dead,
And with due rites the penive pomp is led : 300

Or at their hive's throng'd door the feeble train
 Cling, by their feet suspended; or remain
 Lifeless and languid in their chambers pent,
 With cold all-torpid, and with famine spent.
 Then deep and low a drawling hum runs round; 305
 As in close furnace rustling fires resound,
 As Auster murmurs thro' the trembling trees,
 As with the reflux tides whiz the vext seas.
 But you with flamy gums perfume the place,
 Nor fail by arts to rouse the fainting race, 310
 Lur'd from their stands on wonted sweets to feed,
 By honey, dripping thro' canals of reed:
 Of galls the pounded favour proves of use,
 Thyme too, dry'd roses, wine's concocted juice;
 With these the fetid centauries combine, 315
 And mellow'd clusters of the Pnythian vine.
 Beside, a flow'r there is, in pasture-ground,
 Amellus call'd; the plant with ease is found;
 For from one root arising you behold
 Unnumber'd stems; itself shines bright with gold;
 The leaves, around thick-sprouting, to the view 321
 Give the dark violet's empurpled hue.
 With wreaths of this the altars oit are hung:
 Chew'd in the mouth it roughens on the tongue:

By

By swains 'tis gather'd in the close-cropt meads, 325

Where Mella his meand'ring current leads :

Let the roots, boil'd in odorous wine, be plac'd

Heap'd near the door, to bees a rich repast.

But on a sudden should your stock decline,
No hopes remaining of a future line, 330

Hear now th' invention of Arcadia's Swain ;

How oft from putrid gore of bullocks slain

Bees were produc'd : the whole in order told,

Trac'd from the source it's glory, I'll unfold.

Where in Canopus' happy realms reside 335

A people, custom'd o'er their fields to glide

In painted skiffs, what time, above his shores

Rising, Nile empties his redundant stores ;

And where, descending from Ind's tawny sons,

The River near the quiver'd Persians runs, 340

And feeds green Ægypt with black oozy tides,

And rushing diverse in sev'n mouths divides,

All in this art's success, the region round,

Constant confide : hence first a spot of ground,

Small and contracted, they select ; the place 345

With straiten'd walls, and narrow roof, embrace :

Four windows from each quarter of the sky

With rays of glancing light the room supply :

This

This done, of two years next they choose a steer,
 Whose horns just curling o'er his front appear : 350
 Forceful each avenue of breath they close ;
 Of the dead beast the bowels, bruised by blows,
 Dissolve, the skin entire : beneath they spread
 Of thyme, fresh casia, and green sprigs, a bed :
 The body, thus dispos'd, is left confin'd : 355
 This they perform, when with the western wind
 The waves first ruffle ; ere, by Spring new-drest,
 The bloomy meads display their various vest ;
 Or swallow twittering, as she wheels her flight,
 Suspends her dwelling on the rafter's height. 360
 Meantime, fermenting in the ribs with heat,
 The juices glow ; and first, devoid of feet,
 Insects in wondrous sort are seen ; then throng
 With rustling wings ; and now, strong and more strong,
 Tempt the thin air ; till, as from summer-clouds 365
 A rattling show'r, they've burst their way in crouds ;
 Or, from the twanging string as arrows fly,
 When the light Parthians the first onset try.
 Say, what God deign'd the secret to impart ?
 Say, Muse ! from what beginnings grew this art ? 370
 The plains of Peneus Aristæus left,
 By pine, and sickness, of his bees bereft ;

At

At the stream's sacred source the sorrowing swain
 Address his mother thus in plaintive strain.
 Parent Cyrene! Parent! you, who haunt 375
 This spring's deep bottom! why was I, who vaunt
 Celestial lineage, (if, as you relate,
 My Sire be Phœbus,) born the sport of Fate?
 Ah! where is now a Parent's tender love!
 Why was I taught to pant for joys above? 380
 Lo! this poor pride of fragile life, the last
 And painful produce of my labours past,
 To many a trial due, ev'n while I boast
 A Goddess-mother, to my hopes is lost.
 Go! if thus weary of thy son's fair fame, 385
 Go! blast my harvests, wrap my folds in flame,
 Root up my thriving trees, the vast axe wield
 At my young vines, and fire my planted field.

Beneath the channel of the stream profound
 The Parent-goddess heard the wailing sound: 390
 Circling her grot of Nymphs a busy train
 Comb'd fleeces, tinctur'd with cerulean stain:
 Here Xantho, and Ligea shril of tone,
 Drymo, Phyllodoce, sit near the throne;
 Down their white necks loose flow'd their glossy hair:
 Spio, Cymodoce, Nefæe, there: 396

Her

Her yellow locks Lycorias here display'd,
 Near her Cydippe; this a spotless maid,
 That fresh from the first pangs Lucina sends :
 Clio with Beroe the Queen attends, 400
 Daughters of Ocean, gorgeous to behold,
 Both girt with painted skins, both bright with gold :
 Thalia, Opis, Ephyre : there was found
 Deiopeia of the marshy ground :
 Swift Arethusa, huntress now no more : 405
 'Mong these was Clymene, recounting o'er
 The loves of all the Gods from Chaos' reign :
 On Vulcan's fruitless cares then ran the strain,
 Mars's sweet thefts, and wanton wiles : the song,
 Their spindles turning, charm'd the list'ning throng.
 Again his mother's ear the shepherd's moan 411
 Struck : in amazement on her crystal throne
 Each Nereid sat; first from her pearly bed
 Rearing above the wave her yellow head,
 Sister Cyrene ! Arethusa cries, 415
 Not without cause these wailing sounds surprise :
 Lo! hanging sad o'er Father Peneus' deeps,
 Your pride, your Aristæus stands, and weeps ;
 You, you he calls, and calls by name, unkind.
 At this, new horrors seiz'd the mother's mind ; 420

Hither

Hither conduct, conduct my son, she said ;
 This youth the threshold of the Gods may tread.

Strait, to prepare his way, on either side,
 As thus she spoke, she bade the floods divide :
 Arch'd like a mountain rose the waters round, 425
 And in their bosom thro' the blue profound
 Sent him secure : now crouding on his view
 His mother's moist domains his wonder drew,
 The leafy scenes, that rustle with the waves,
 The lakes confin'd in subterranean caves : 430
 Stun'd with the rapid roar distinct he ey'd
 Beneath vast Earth the various streams that glide ;
 Phasis, Caicus ; deep Enipeus' source ;
 Whence Father Tiber first derives his course ;
 Whence Lycus flows, and Anio's currents stray ;
 And Hypanis o'er rocks bursts his rough way : 436
 Whence too Eridanus, a bull in face,
 Whose front two horns with golden splendors grace,
 Than whom no River o'er the fertile plain
 Pours with a tide more furious to the main. 440
 Soon as the grotto, hung with pumice stone, [known,
 The youth had reach'd, and his vain griefs made
 For him the Nymphs fresh water from the spring,)
 And towels of clipt down, in order bring,

Replace

Replace full goblets, heap the board with meats :
 The Altars burn with aromatic sweets. 449
 Of Lydian wine these bowls, the Goddess said,
 Take, and to Ocean a libation shed.
 Strait she invokes the Parent-god with pray'r,
 Ocean, and sister nymphs, of whom these share 450
 The charge of rivers, those of sylvan bow'rs :
 Thrice liquid nectar on the fire she pours ;
 Thrice to the roof the flames aspiring shine :
 Elate, and strengthen'd by the prosp'rous sign,
 'Thus she begins : in the Carpathian tides 455
 Cerulean Proteus, prescient seer, resides,
 Who in his car the boundless level sweeps,
 By fishes drawn, and monsters of the deeps.
 Emathia's ports, and his Pallene's bay,
 He visits now ; to him we reverence pay, 460
 Ev'n Nereus honours him : his eye can see
 All, that once was, that is, and e'er will be ;
 The boon of Neptune, to his care who gave
 His herds, and Phocæ wallowing in the wave.
 Him first, my son, with fetters you must seize,
 Ere he unfold the cause of the disease, 466
 And aid the cure : no precepts he'll declare,
 Unforc'd ; nor deem to soften him by pray'r :

The

The God once seiz'd, his wiles to render vain,
Stretch ev'ry nerve, and straiten ev'ry chain. 470

What time Sol brightens with a mid-day blaze,
And on the thirsty herbage pours his rays,
To the cool shade when panting flocks retreat,
Ourself will lead you to his secret feat,
Where you may take him, as with heat oppress'd, 475
Emerging from the flood, he sinks to rest.

But caught and bound by various shapes he'll try,
And forms of frightful beasts, to cheat your eye:
Instant a lion's tawny mane he'll wear,

A boar now bristle, now a tiger glare, 480

Now he'll devolve a dragon's scaly maze,
Or with sharp crackle burst forth in a blaze,
Or last in liquid lapse your hold betray,
And so glide melting from your arms away.

The more he turns himself, the God withstand 485

Firm and more firm, and torture ev'ry band;

Till chang'd he reassume the form, he wore,

When first you found him slumb'ring on the shore.

She spoke, and round him show'rs ambrosial shed;

O'er all his limbs the fluid fragrance spread; 490

From his smooth'd ringlets breathing odours came,

And strength with grace improv'd his suppled frame.

Scoopt

Scoopt in a mountain's side lies a vast cave,
 Where by the driving blast the frequent wave
 Dashing splits back to many a winding bay, 495
 Recefs to suff'ers on the watry way :
 Within, fcreen'd by a rock's o'er-arching height,
 The God retires : here, shaded from the light,
 The Nymph in ambush feats her fon, and shrouds
 Herself at distance in furrouring clouds. 500

On India's fons now fream'd fierce Sirius' blaze,
 And half the Globe had felt Sol's fultry rays ;
 Parcht was the grafs ; to mud the rivers turn'd
 In thirfty channels to the bottom burn'd :
 'Twas then the Prophet, rifing from the wave, 505
 Sought the cool fhelter of his custom'd cave ;
 Scattering the briny dew the wat'ry throng
 About him gambol'd, as he paf't along :
 The Phocæ, basking in the funny ray,
 Stretcht diverfe on the ftrand reposing lay : 510
 He, (like fome herdman of the hills, who calls
 Back from the field his cattle to their ftalls,
 The night-ftar twinkling, while the lambs around
 Bleat, and the wolves grow keener at the found ;))
 The midmoft on a rock, his fealy train 515
 Tells, not unnoted by the watchful fwain :

Scarce had the Seer compos'd his limbs, with cries
 The youth springs forth, and binds him, as he lies.
 By shapes portentous studious to evade
 His wonted wiles the prophet calls in aid, 520
 Chang'd to an hideous beast, a stream, a flame;
 But when he found he toil'd with fruitless aim
 To burst his bonds, the figure of a man
 Once more he took, and baffled thus began. 524

By whose behests, presumptuous! art thou come?
 Declare the cause, that brought thee to our dome.

Well, Proteus! well you know, rejoin'd the youth,
 For who from Proteus can disguise the truth?
 But cease your arts; my fortunes to restore,
 Sent by the Gods, thy counsel I implore. 530
 Thus he: the prophet with redoubled might
 Writh'd round his orbs, that flash'd with azure light,
 Gnashing his teeth tremendous, ere he spoke;
 Then from his lips these fateful accents broke.

The Gods, the Gods pursue thee with their hate;
 Of crimes like thine the penalty is great. 536
 Orpheus, if adverse Destiny's decree
 Resist not, calls down all these woes on thee;
 (Far weightier woes thou well deserv'st to bear :)
 For his lost wife he maddens with despair; 540

As near the river's fedyg side she strove
 To shun by flutt'ring flight thy lawless love,
 The Fair devoted saw not in her way
 A snake, that couching in the deep grafs lay.
 The choir of Dryads for their sifter dead 545
 Fill'd with wild wailings every mountain's head;
 Lofty Pangæa wept her early fate;
 Proud Rhodope, and Rhesus' martial state;
 A grateful tear the distant Getæ pay'd:
 Hebrus, and Orithyia mourn'd the maid: 550
 But he, to sooth his sorrows, warbled o'er
 His woes, and lonely mus'd along the shore;
 Thee, lovely Wife! he sung, when from the main
 The Sun arose, thee, when he sunk again:
 The mouth of Tænarus, Dis' gates profound, 555
 He past, and grove with horror's gloom imbrown'd:
 Ev'n to the Manes and dread King he went,
 Accurst with hearts, that know not to relent.
 From Hell's remotest seats lur'd by his lay 559
 Mov'd the thin Shades, and Ghosts depriv'd of day;
 Thick, as birds fly, when Vesper or a show'r
 From mountains drives them to the shelt'ring bow'r:
 Matrons, and men, and boys, a lifeless throng,
 Swarm'd; and bold Chiefs majestic tow'r'd along:

Virgins, and youths, untimely on their pyres
Stretcht out, sad object to their sorrowing Sires. 566
Crown'd with unfightly reeds, and black with mud,
Cocytus round them rolls his doleful flood;
The Lake abhor'd spreads slow her wat'ry chains,
And Styx with nine wide channels fast constrains. 570
Amaze ev'n struck Death's dark Tartarean bounds,
And Fiends, whose hair snakes thrid in venom'd rounds:
Hell's Porter gaping his three throats suppress,
And the strain charm'd Ixion's wheel to rest.

And now had Orpheus, measuring back his way,
Escap'd all perils: to the realms of Day 576
Pressing his steps advanc'd Eurydice;
Of Pluto's consort such was the decree:
When strait a madness seiz'd the Lover's mind;
Venial, in Hell were faults of venial kind: 580
Just at the light he stopt; in thoughtless trance
Wrapt, and by passion quite o'erpow'r'd, a glance,
Turning, on his Eurydice he cast:
Vain from that moment every labour past;
The Tyrant's league was void, and thrice around 585
Avernus' pool was heard a fullen sound.
Orpheus! she cry'd, what Dæmon could inspire,
To curse us both, so frantic a desire?

Again I go; Fate calls me from the skies,
 And sleep eternal seals my swimming eyes: 590
 Adieu! with deepest darkness cover'd o'er
 I stretch my feeble hands, thy wife, alas! no more.
 These words scarce finish'd, sudden from his view,
 Like smoke with thin air mixt, she diverse flew;
 No more to meet her Orpheus, who essay'd 595
 Oft to reply, and catch her fleeting shade.
 What, what remain'd? Hell's ferry-man deny'd
 A second passage o'er th' opponent tide.
 His wife twice lost, ah! whither shall he rove? 599
 What plaint, what strain, the Ghosts, the Gods shall
 Plac'd in the Stygian bark she shivering fail'd: [move?
 He, as Fame tells, sev'n months successive wail'd,
 By Strymon's unfrequented wave, his woes,
 Where a bleak rock's aerial mansion rose;
 In chilly caves he mus'd, and by his song 605
 Sooth'd the fierce beasts, and drew the trees along.
 So Philomela in the poplar bow'r
 Laments her offspring, lost in luckless hour,
 Which some rude Rustic, callow as they lay,
 From their warm nest observant snatcht away: 610
 Percht on a bough, all night she weeps, her strains
 Renews, and with sad wailings fills the plains.

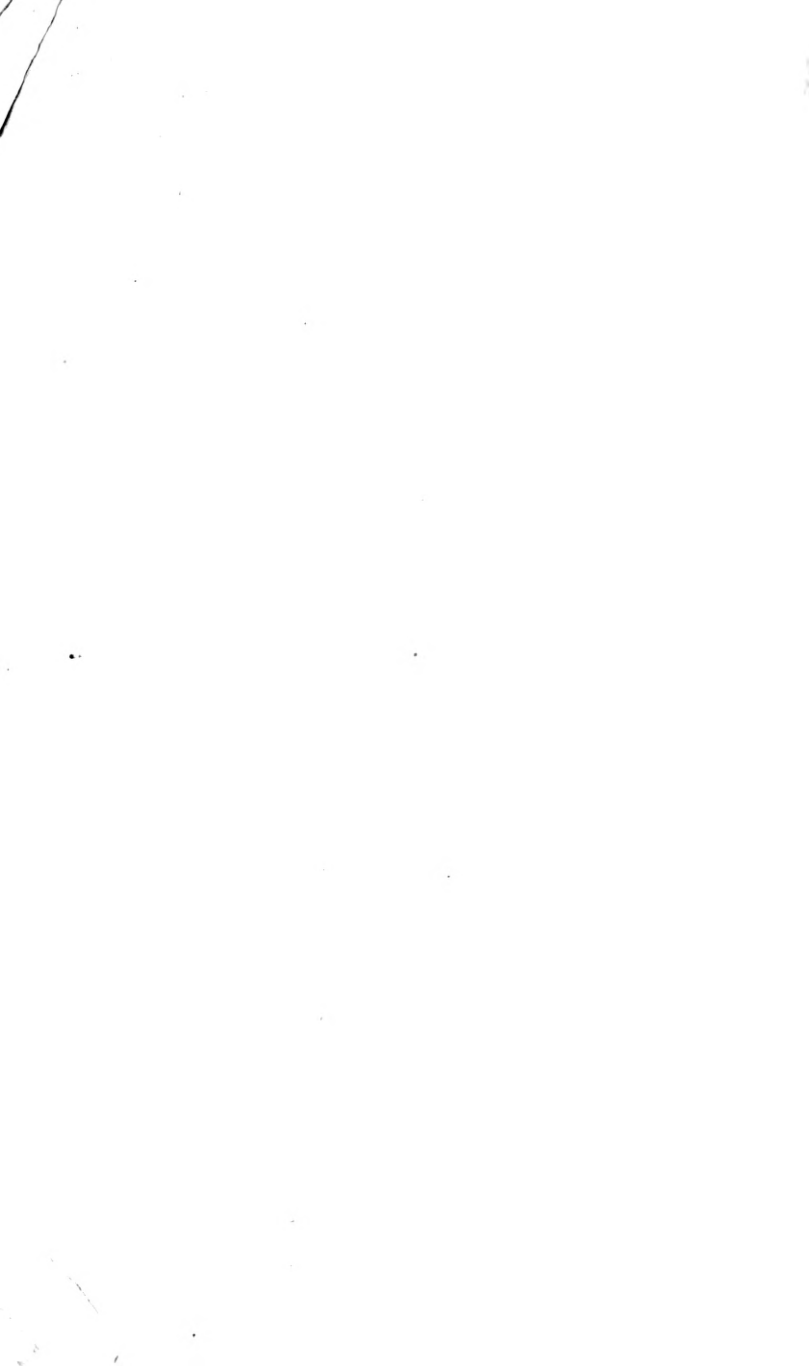
No love, no joys connubial touch'd his soul;
 Forlorn he roam'd, where Tanais' white waves roll,
 O'er Hyperborean ice, o'er tracts of ground 615
 Throughout the year in frosts Riphæan bound,
 Mourning Dis' fruitless boon, and his lost Bride:
 When, stung with rage at his disdainful pride
 The Thracian matrons, 'mid the rites divine,
 And midnight orgies of the God of wine, 620
 Spread o'er the fields the Poet, piecemeal torn:
 Then as his head by Hebrus' flood was born,
 Rent from the marble neck, ev'n the cold tongue
 And fault'ring voice Eurydice still sung;
 Ah poor Eurydice! with last breath cry'd; 625
 Eurydice the distant banks reply'd.

This said, the Prophet in his wat'ry bed
 Plung'd; and the waves curl'd foamy o'er his head:
 Not so Cyrene; to her trembling son
 Uncall'd the Goddess came, and thus begun: 630
 Be ev'ry care now banish'd from your breast;
 See the sad source of this devouring pest!
 Hence have the Nymphs, with whom she playful wove
 The social dance in the sequestered grove,
 Pour'd on your bees this plague: but haste, and gain
 By gifts and pray'r the mild Napæan train; 636
 Won

Won by your vows their fury they'll forbear :
 But first the rites in order I'll declare.
 Select four steers, the stateliest of the breed,
 Of ungall'd neck as many heifers lead, 640
 That now on green Lycæus' summit graze,
 At the Nymphs' shrines for these four altars raise;
 Next from their throats the sacred torrent pour,
 And leave the bodies in the branchy bow'r.
 When the ninth Morn shall give her early ray, 645
 To Orpheus' Ghost lethæan poppies pay ;
 With a slain calf hail the relenting maid ;
 A black ewe offer'd, seek once more the shade.
 The youth straight executes, what she ordains ;
 Haïces, and erects four altars in the fanes ; 650
 Pride of the herd four stately steers he took ;
 Four heifers, all unconscious of the yoke ;
 And when the ninth Morn shone, due off'rings pay'd
 To Orpheus' Ghost, he sought once more the shade.
 When, strange to tell ! a prodigy he sees ; 655
 Thro' all the victims' putrid entrails bees
 Hum far within ; from the rent ribs the throng
 Burst forth, and sweep in length'ning clouds along ;
 To a tree's top in close array they tend,
 And clust'ring from the pliant boughs depend. 660
 While

While with war's thunders conqu'ring CÆSAR awes
Euphrates' flood, to willing worlds gives laws,
Aspiring to Heav'n's heights, in humble strains
I sung of cattle, trees, and cultur'd plains.
'Twas then I VIRGIL my sequester'd seat 665
Fixt at Parthenope's belov'd retreat,
Deep in the studies of inglorious ease;
I, who with rural verse essay'd to please,
And with youth's boldness sung thee, Tityrus! laid,
Where a broad Beech spread wide her arching shade.

F I N I S.





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